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REVIEWS.

IRISH ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Dolmens of Ireland, their Distribution, Structural Characteristics and Affinities in other Countries; together with the Folk-lore attaching to them; supplemented by considerations on the Anthropology, Ethnology, and Traditions of the Irish People. By W. Copeland Borlase, M.A. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

ALL students of the monolithic remains of early man in Ireland, and the neighbouring lands, will receive this monumental contribution to the subject with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment. That Mr. Borlase, born amid the Cornish logan-stones, circles and cromlechs, and sprung of a lineage which for several generations has been engaged in the investigation of these curious relics of neolithic times, should give us a good book on the dolmens of the sister island and their manifold relations to those of the surrounding regions, was to be expected, and this expectation has here been more than realised. Indeed, his treatment of this most essential part of his work, together with the anthropological considerations based on the monuments themselves, is beyond all praise, and had his labours been confined to such matters no room would have been left for criticism. But the strictly scientific character of these sections is greatly impaired by the unscientific, strained, and impossible etymologies which he everywhere indulges in, and which culminate in the concluding section occupied with the ethnological and historical aspects of the subject.

The superabundant materials collected by Mr. Borlase during his annual visits to Ireland for the last decade or so, and supplemented by the no less copious data brought together during a life-long study of the extensive British and foreign literatures bearing on the questions at issue, have overflowed into three bulky volumes,

the pagination of which is continuous, making altogether 1234 large octavo pages. Convenience of reference is thus greatly facilitated. More than half of the 793 illustrations are concentrated in Part I., which fills the whole of the first and a portion of the second volume, and which gives a succinct account of all the Irish dolmens, barrows, menhirs, and cyclooliths here passed under review. These, numbering altogether 898, are again systematically disposed according to their geographical position in the different counties of the four provinces, each province being accompanied by a map on which the sites of the several monuments are clearly shown by red dots. A large number of the dolmens were personally inspected and sketched by the author, while others are reproduced from drawings placed at his service by Miss Margaret Stokes, Mr. W. F. Wakeman, Mr. John Windele, Mr. T. J. Westropp, and other well-known Irish antiquaries.

In Part II., which is of quite exceptional interest, the author passes to a consideration of the general questions relating to megalithic monuments of all kinds, their different types, classifications, and distinctions, measurement of the cap-stones, probable mode of construction, origin, evolution, and centre of diffusion throughout the Eastern Hemisphere. Then follows a comparative study of similar structures in Britain, Scandinavia, Gaul, Iberia, North Africa, Syria, and so on eastwards to India. Having gone so far, it seems a pity that Mr. Borlase did not extend this comprehensive survey round the globe, so as to include the similar or analogous structures in Assam (the Khasi Hills), in Japan (of these he had already made an independent study in his *Nippon and its Antiquities*), in Korea, and lastly in South America, where megalithic buildings reach their highest development in the stupendous remains of Tiahuanaco strewn over the southern shores of Lake Titicaca. Doubtless the megaliths of the Western Hemisphere have no demonstrable connexion with those of the Old World, and, in fact, are almost certainly independent growths on analogous lines of evolution. But this very consideration would give all the greater interest to their comparative study with similar remains elsewhere, in connexion with the larger question of the psychic unity of all mankind. Ample materials, it may be added, are now available for such a study in the sumptuous volume lately issued by Herren Stübel and Uhle on the Tiahuanaco ruins.*

Part III., "Names and Legends," is concerned with the origin and interpretation of the various names, legends, and superstitions "associated with dolmens, and other megalithic remains and venerated sites in Ireland." The section forms a valuable chapter in comparative folk-lore, and those interested in such subjects will find much useful information here brought together in elucidation of the names of giants, women, Phooka, the cat, dog, cow, and other animals, the fairies and other supernatural beings who seem still to haunt

* *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, Breslau 1893, reviewed in the ACADEMY, July 8, 1893.

many of the spots that have for ages been regarded as hallowed sites. An explanation is here offered of the puzzling expression *Fv Breagach*, so constantly found connected with venerated rocks, cairns, and similar remains. But the reader's confidence in the author as a trustworthy guide begins here to be already somewhat shaken by the fanciful etymologies which, for instance, would equate *quoit*, a Cornish term for cromlechs, not only with the first syllable of *Cuthoge*, name of a dolmen in County Cork, but even with the *Kut* of the *Duyvel's Kut* in Holland with the *Kit's Coity* in Kent, the *Cat* of *Catiorgus* in the Channel Islands, the *Carrig-na-Chait* ("Cat's Rock") in Meath, and so on.

In Part IV. are comprised two distinct branches of inquiry, "Anthropology and Ethnology." The anthropology, which is a solid piece of work, well reasoned and generally free from extravagances, seeks to determine the constituent elements in the physical constitution of the Irish people by a careful comparison of the few skulls and other human remains found in ancient burial-places with those of the Stone and Bronze periods from the caves, barrows, and dolmens of Britain and the mainland. Mr. Borlase has himself worked in this field of research, and if his conclusions are not always convincing, his methods are, at least, those of a man of science. In proof of this, attention may be called to his treatment of the relics of early man from the Ballynamtra Cave on the Blackwater Estuary, which Sir John Lubbock had assigned to the palæolithic age, but which are here clearly shown to be referable to neolithic times. Nevertheless, the presence of the long-headed palæolithic man in Ireland is inferred from the prevalence in later times of the prominent superciliary ridges which form such a marked feature of the Neanderthal and Eguisheim crania. Indeed, the true Irish type is regarded as essentially platy-dolichocephalic (skull long and low), and Mr. Borlase goes so far as to assert that the brachycephalic element introduced during the later New Stone and Bronze periods "did not prove enduring" (p. 1020). Certainly this is a remarkable conclusion to arrive at on such slight evidence as is available. Could it be substantiated, it would go far to prove that primitive man had not only reached Ireland, but had occupied the island in large numbers during the Old Stone Age. Otherwise it is difficult to see how the later round-headed immigrants could have been so rapidly absorbed by their dolichocephalic forerunners.

But it is the strictly ethnological section of Part IV. that is likely to raise the most lively protests among students of Irish antiquities. Here an extraordinary theory is advanced to interpret on historic grounds the huge mass of legendary matter which forms the bulk of extant Irish literature, and which, in its present form, was composed or recomposed mainly between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. But before dealing with this section it will be convenient to offer some remarks on the interesting questions dealt with in Part II.

Rejecting the needless distinction drawn by most Irish antiquaries between the

cromlech, roofed with a single cap-stone, and the Giant's Grave, roofed with a series of slabs. Mr. Borlase broadly defines the true dolmen as "a covered structure, formed of slabs, or blocks of stone in such a manner as that the stone or stones which constitute the roof are supported in place by the upper points or edges of some or all of the other stones which, set on end or edge, enclose or partially enclose an area or vault beneath." He rightly considers that all were originally covered, or intended to be covered, by cairns or mounds; not, however, for the purpose of protecting the dead and the accompanying deposits from plunder, as is often contended, but simply in order to strengthen the structure by pressure, and at the same time make it impervious to the elements and to wild beasts. In its full development a typical dolmen was thus practically a chambered tumulus or barrow, although large mounds are not regarded as essential to the structure. Indeed, the mound sometimes reached only to the edges of the cap-stone, and was so arranged as to allow access to the interior, the true dolmen differing in this respect from the cist (p. 426).

In many cases the slabs did not lie horizontally or at a slight angle, but were superimposed in such a way as to develop a vaulted chamber and simulate an arch. Such embryo arches, however, which closely resemble some analogous Maya structures in Yucatan, are not credited to the inventive faculty of the aborigines. On the contrary, they are looked upon as

"a barbaric attempt to copy in unhewn materials some elaborate models of hewn-stone domes and arched vaults, which had become known to the builders through contact with the cultivation of the Mediterranean or the Black Sea coasts—the tomb of Atreus, for example, or the vaulted chamber-tombs of Etruria. The sculptures they contain may be rude copies of decorative art in the same districts" (p. 426).

Such an explanation could scarcely apply to the neolithic structures, but might conceivably account for those erected in the Bronze Age, during which the primitive architecture still survived in some places, and to that age should probably be referred the improved vaulted chambers.

Some of the cap-stones were of vast size, that of Kernanstown, in Carlow, weighing no less than one hundred tons, and exceeded only by some of the huge monoliths at Tiahuanaco. By what agency, asks Mr. Borlase, were such masses transported and raised to the positions in which we now find them? Some of the largest, including that of Kernanstown itself, were never transported, but are *in situ* geologically, either boulders deposited by glacial action, or naturally detached portions of the bed-rock. But others, which cannot be so accounted for, were certainly removed by human agency to their present positions. The suggestion that this might have been effected by an inclined plane of earth, afterwards removed, is rejected, except in some special cases, and it is argued with some force that the motive power was a mighty leverage, obtained with felled timber at a time when Ireland is believed to have been well wooded.

The popular theory which attributes

these monuments to the "Kelts," or peoples of Celtic speech, is also rightly rejected in favour of their "Iberian" predecessors, who had already occupied both slopes of the Pyrenees in neolithic, if not even earlier times. Mr. Borlase would, in fact, seem to imply that the builders were the direct descendants of the cave-men in Gaul, and that the dolmens themselves were originally nothing more than copies or artificial developments of the natural sepulchral caves which abounded in that region.

France would thus be the cradleland of such structures, and the art of raising them would have spread north to the British Isles, Holland, North Germany, and Scandinavia, and south to the Iberian peninsula and Africa, when the long-headed neolithic dolmen-builders of the west of Europe were scattered in all directions by the short-headed race of Celtic speech, who pressed forward to the Atlantic seaboard during the Bronze Age, and here continued to erect similar structures, down even to Roman times. In its main features this theory had already been advanced by Prof. Keane (*Ethnology*, chap. vi.); but it has doubtless been arrived at independently by Mr. Borlase, who supports it by a wealth of argument and illustration which will probably bring conviction to the most sceptical. His weak point, of course, is his area of dispersion—north of the Pyrenees instead of North Africa, the true cradle both of the long-headed palæolithic and neolithic races, and also the region from which alone the dolmen-builder's art could have spread, not only through Iberia northwards to Gaul and Britain, but also through Syria eastwards to India, Korea, and Japan. Mr. Borlase has scarcely paid sufficient attention to the African side of this question, and a more extended study of the astonishing development of neolithic architecture in Mauritania may possibly induce him to shift the centre of early culture, as represented by these structures, from the north to the south side of the Mediterranean.

Our limited space forbids a detailed criticism of the 124 pages which are devoted to "Ethnology and Tradition," but which we cannot help thinking the author would be well advised to suppress in future editions. An extraordinary theory is here advanced, with a view to a rational interpretation of the great mass of legendary matter constituting the bulk of extant Irish literature. These voluminous documents, mainly composed, as above remarked, between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, have hitherto been expounded by native writers in the light of the Biblical or classical records, while the sceptical modern critic "flings them bodily into what I will venture to term the vortex of Aryan mythology" (p. 1,054). But Mr. Borlase, rejecting both these views, may be said to fling them into the vortex of the wildest etymologies ever proposed by the Pinkertons, Vallanceys, Bethams, and other exponents of the Celtic school.

Put briefly, Mr. Borlase's theory is that the Irish records are neither pure fable nor yet historical as regards Ireland itself, but are the echoes or reminiscences of events which really did take place on the

Continent about the period of the migrations and break-up of the Western Empire, and which in more or less modified form reached the shores of Erin at the time, or soon enough to be recorded in various ways by the native writers. This at least appears to be the theory, but in its application it undergoes an astonishing transformation, so that the historical events seem after all often to be rehearsed, as it were, in Ireland itself. By this process, aided by the etymologies, the legendary tribes, eponymous heroes, and other mythical beings of the Irish mediæval documents become identified with the historical peoples of the mainland, who were in a state of incessant ferment during the first centuries of the new era. Thus we learn with astonishment that

"Partholan would have meant the Bardlander, the man of the Bard-land; Nemed or Nimech, by which latter name he appears in Nennius, would have signified the German; Bolg would have been the equivalent of Bolgar or *Βουλγαρος*, the name given to those tribes, either singularly or collectively, who were the remnants of the Hunnish Confederation in retreat, whether in the mountainous countries bordering on the Danube or on the coasts and islands of the North; in the Tuatha Dé Danann we should have probably the Picts presented to us in their divinities, and representing a Teutonic, or possibly Finno-Teutonic, element largely distributed throughout Europe, whose wars with the Bolg would be wars with the Hunnish tribes in retreat, and whose wars with the Fomoré or Fomorians would be wars with the Slaves on the Southern Baltic, called Pomorjani by Nestor, between whom and the Germans there was ceaseless enmity" (p. 1056).

One instance will suffice to show how these and many similar identities are established. Partholan is no longer the Bartholomew of Prof. Rhys, but represents a whole nation, the Langobardi, whose name, however, despite the assurance of Tacitus, has no reference to their "long beards." From the Old High German form *Lancpartolant* (Lombardy) "take away the first syllable and there remains Partolant, the equivalent of Partolan, which would by itself signify Bart-land—that is, Land of the Barti, Barthi or Bardi." Then the Bard thus arrived at is equated not with the German Bart—a beard, but with O. H. G. *bard* [parta]—a battle-axe, while the lopped syllable *lanc* or *lang* has nothing to do with *long*, but is the river *Lainca*, now the *Lein*, a tributary of the *Aller*, so that the Langobardi were, in fact, so named because they carried battle-axes and dwelt originally about the river *Lein*. Later, some migrated to Italy (Lombardy), while others reached Ireland, where the tribal name *bard* may still, perhaps, be detected in the Partry mountains, and the Latnambard dolmen of the County Monaghan, while the fluvial determinant *Lainca* or *Lagina* survives in the province of Laighin (Leinster), whence the Irish tradition that "Partolan—that is, the Bardlander—was specially connected with Leinster, since he and his people died at Howth and were buried at Tamlacht" (p. 1059.)

There is a very full index, but the work needs much careful revision by some hand familiar with Aryan phonetics and linguistic forms.

AN IMPOSSIBLE MAN.

Memoirs of Bertrand Barère, Chairman of the Committee of Public Safety during the Revolution. Now first Translated by De V. Payen-Payne. (London: H. S. Nichols.)

MACAULAY was not an artist who greatly affected half-tints, and of the dark pigments on his palette he used the very blackest when painting the portrait of Barère. "Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police spy," "sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity!"—"not a single virtue, nor even the semblance of one": it is a terrible picture; so terrible indeed, so devoid of all relief, that, in looking at it, one almost experiences a kind of revulsion of feeling, a lurking desire to find some brighter spot, some trait not altogether vile. The man, according to Macaulay, "approached nearer to the idea of consummate and universal depravity" than any devil of "history or fiction"; but even the devil, in the eye of optimism at least, is not as black as he has been painted. Might not something be said for Barère?

If that something were at all sayable, then the publication of this English version of the *Memoirs* might, as one would suppose, have afforded a good opportunity for rehabilitation; and we rather wonder that no bold editor was found to undertake the task. Nothing of the kind has, however, been attempted. Practically, the book is unedited, and carries the reader not one whit further, so far as additional information and criticism are concerned, than the reader who, in 1842, first read the French original version with Macaulay. Yet, surely, something more was wanted. During the last fifty-five years the history of the French Revolution has been flooded with new light. How does that light strike the figure of Barère? Writing with the materials accessible in the forties, Macaulay pronounced the man to be a liar, unscrupulous, inveterate, incapable of truth—and, sooth to say, Taine, writing as it were yesterday, sees no reason for traversing that judgment. But if Barère was habitually a witness of lies, then his *Memoirs* can have no historical value. They are worthless. Why republish them in an English form? Should there be nothing to bring forward in arrest of Macaulay's scathing verdict, then the issue of these four volumes of translated matter stands in need of justification.

Nor can it be alleged that, historical value apart, Barère's *Memoirs* possess interest of a literary kind. Barère, no doubt, during a few brief months occupied a foremost place on the world's stage, and that at a time when the scenes enacted were tragic, terrible, portentous. He came to Paris, from his far Southern province, as one of the representatives of the Third Estate in 1789, edited a paper, spoke now and again, made friends with various men of note, and, on the whole, may be said to have held a fairly distinctive position in the National Assembly. In the Convention, which met on September 21, 1792, he soon came quite to the front. What honour could be too

great for the man who, speaking in favour of the execution of Louis XVI., quoted a perfectly apocryphal "ancient author" as declaring that "the tree of liberty flourishes when it is watered with the blood of all classes of tyrants"? With a pretty turn for "sentiments" of this kind—and Barère's capacity for their production was copious, inexhaustible—to what might not a politician of the Revolutionary period aspire? Accordingly, when the Committee of Public Safety was established, he became one of its most prominent members. During its brief reign he acted in some sort as its mouthpiece. He had taken an active part in the trial of the king. He took an active part in bringing Marie Antoinette to the scaffold, in exterminating his old friends, the Girondists. He was constantly in evidence. During the memorable days of Thermidor, when Robespierre was tottering to his fall, Barère, trimming as usual till fortune finally declared itself, was in the thick of the fight. He had been a witness of great events, had taken an active share in some of them, had been brought into intimate relations with men who left their mark—often smeared in blood—upon the history of their times. If with all his faculty for stringing words together he had possessed anything of the writer-gift, any graphic power of pen, he might at least have interested and amused, even while we recognised that what he told us was mainly false. But he was, in sooth, no writer. His style is in the last degree dull and empty, the bad style of the worst period of French literature. M. Hippolyte Carnot, indeed, his biographer, seeking to excuse some of his many inaccuracies, calls him an "artist." An artist! Save the mark! The writer of this amorphous, ill-constructed, ill-written book, an artist!

No, he was not an artist. He is more correctly to be described as a wind-bag. In 1803, after going through many vicissitudes, he was commissioned to write a weekly report "on the state of public opinion on the proceedings of the government, and generally on everything which, in his judgment, it would be interesting for the First Consul to learn." The weekly reports were produced with regularity for some time, and then Barère received an intimation, not couched in terms calculated to minister to his vanity, that Napoleon cared to have no more of them. Napoleon, referring to the circumstance afterwards, at St. Helena, observed: "Barère had the reputation of a man of talent, but I did not find him so. I employed him to write, but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument, nothing but rubbish wrapped up in high-sounding language." Here we have the man judged by a supreme judge of men. He was empty. Such ability as he possessed lay in the ready assimilation of the ideas of others, and their reproduction, such as they were, in sonorous, vacuous phrases. Never did any nation or time so "pay itself with words," to use the French expression, as the France of the last ten years of the eighteenth century. And Barère revelled in words—probably came in time to be the first dupe

of his own inflated utterances—doubtless even believed in that supreme *blague*, as Carlyle calls it, connected with the sinking of the *Vengeur*.

When Sieyès was asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror, he replied that he had existed, as if it was something to have succeeded in that. But Sieyès, at least, had preserved his own life innocuously. With Barère the case was different. When he was questioned, in after years, as to what had really been the object and aims of the Committee of Public Safety, he replied: "We had only one object, my dear sir, and that was self-preservation; but one aim, and that was to keep our own lives, which each one of us thought to be in jeopardy. You guillotined your neighbour so that your neighbour might not guillotine you." Scarcely a very lofty ideal, perhaps, but one that sheds a good deal of light on Barère's most truculent acts—his instructions, for instance, that no English prisoners should be taken alive. Fear, abject fear, egged him on. And he had no character, and no conscience—not even judgment, for in many ways he was stupid. That he was capable of harm is obvious, as also that he did harm, but one cannot altogether repress a doubt whether a creature so weak, so irresponsible and pitiable, was really worthy of Macaulay's tremendous moral denunciations.

The translation of these volumes is fairly creditable. By why was the portrait of Barère prefixed to the first volume of the French edition of 1842 not reproduced? In that portrait, said to have been drawn by Isabey in 1793, he appears as a fine young fellow—"strikingly handsome" is Macaulay's verdict—alert, alive, with long hair loose over his shoulders, and something of the brigand, or, at least, the man of action, in look and bearing. The portrait prefixed to the first volume of this English edition exhibits him, on the contrary, as a bewigged little man, of mean aspect, who might be a small country attorney. Can it be that the portrait of 1793 was, like the story of the *Vengeur*, a piece of *blague*?

HEREWARD'S HOLD AND AWDREY'S SHRINE.

Historical Memoirs of Ely Cathedral. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

ELY Cathedral has not been written about to excess. Indeed, if it were not for Kingsley's romance it would not be familiar to the public. The cathedral stands, as it ever did, out of the beaten track. You do not catch a glimpse of Alan de Walsingham's unique "Gothic dome" from the Great Northern Railway. Rising, farther east, above the great level of the Fens, it preserves something of the lonesomeness of its aqueous period. What picture, indeed, can compare for greyness and coolness and holy isolation with that of the monastery of St. Ethelreda, the precursor of the cathedral, glowing in the level rays of the setting sun

above those vast reedy wastes of which the Norfolk Broads are but the insignificant relic. The Dean bids us think of Ely as an island "fifteen miles or so off the coast at Cambridge," and he quotes, as he would may, Kingsley's description of the "labyrinth of black wandering streams, broad lagoons, morasses submerged every spring-tide," within which the piety of that early day found its safest retreat. And if the first monastery was burned by the Danes, the greatest Dane of them all did reverence to the second. It is to Monk Thomas of Ely that we owe the story of how

"on a certain day King Canute came to Ely in a boat, accompanied by his wife, the Queen Emma, and the chief nobles of his kingdom, hoping to keep there the solemn festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, and how, when the boat came to the *Portus Pusillus* of the monastery, the king raised his eyes aloft to the great church which close by stood up on the rocky eminence, and was aware of a sound of great sweetness, and listening intently heard the melody increase, and perceived that it was the monks singing in the convent their psalms and chanting 'the hours,' and calling his people about him, he exhorted them also to sing with gladness, he himself with his own mouth expressing the joy of his heart in a little song of English words, of which this verse is the beginning:

"'Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reu ther-by,
Roweth, nites, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches saeng.'"

The reader who feels the spell of that picture can well follow the Dean of Ely through the more learned and the less picturesque pages of this book. We have here two lectures, prepared for publication, with a full and useful chronological table, many notes, and some capital photogravures and pen and ink drawings. The Dean speaks of himself as being in his apprenticeship as an antiquarian. We should not like to say that this explains why his book is so interesting, but we hope that if he fulfils his expressed ambition to contribute further material to the history of Ely Minster he will produce a book as much relieved with the anecdotal and the picturesque, and as daintily turned out by its publisher.

Some of the best passages in this book are in the notes. These contain, for instance, the explanation of each of the sculptured bases of the tabernacles which adorn the lantern tower of Alan de Walsingham. The sculptures set forth the legend of St. Ethelreda from the time when by the advice of St. Wilfrid of York she left her lord, Egfrid, who had vainly tried to break down his wife's vow of chastity, and came to Ely. Indeed, they take her history farther back, for the first represents her marriage to Egfrid. The eighth and last shows the translation of her body, sixteen years after her death, from her grave "in the midst of her own people" to the convent church. Her body was found to be uncorrupted, and her physician, Kynefrid, who had been present at her death, is said by Bede, and by Monk Thomas, to have made a remarkable post-mortem examination of the body. He found that a tumour which he had lanced had healed perfectly in the grave.

Incidentally he tells us that when Ethelreda was

"afflicted with the aforesaid tumour and pain of the jaw and cheek, she was much pleased with this kind of distemper, and was wont to say—I know most surely that I deservedly bear the weight of my illness on my neck, on which, I remember, that when a young girl I bore a needless weight of necklaces; and I believe that to this end the Supreme Goodness would have me be afflicted with pain in my neck, that thus I may be absolved from the guilt of idle levity; since I have now, instead of gold and pearls, the redness and heat of a tumour prominent on my neck."

No plain Quakeress could have "borne her testimony" better.

The doubtful story of the fortunes of St. Awdrey's (Ethelreda's) Convent after the Conquest is barely touched upon by the Dean, who is content to refer the reader to Freeman for the bed-rock of truth, and to Kingsley for its verdure. In 1080 the history of Ely solidifies, and we see Abbot Simeon laying the foundations of the church which has grown into the cathedral. He is believed to have begun the north and south transepts, the piers of the central tower, and the choir apse. Dying in 1093, Abbot Simeon was followed by Abbot Richard, who carried on the work. In 1257 Hugo de Northwold's presbytery was added to the choir, and the western tower, and the Galilee transept also belong to this century. So the temple grew, and no one dreamt of catastrophe. But on February 22, 1322, the old Norman central tower fell.

The crash seemed an earthquake. It was an earthquake in architecture, for it gave us the unique octagon lantern tower of Alan de Walsingham—the "Crown of St. Awdrey" as the Dean loves to call it—"the only Gothic dome in existence" as it has been called by another. We have not space to quote the one purple passage in this book, a passage in which the author grows justly eloquent on this unique dome. We reserve our space for less ethereal matters. The Dean's sketch of the domestic life of the Ely monks in the fourteenth century is interesting. For the collection of Cellerarius rolls at Ely is a fine one, and we notice that the Dean has been just a little concerned to present them discreetly. Fuller has left it on record in his *Church History of Britain* that "of all Abbeys in England, Ely bare away the bell for bountiful feast-making." Dean Stubbs will not have it that there was luxury at Ely, at any rate in the fourteenth century. Fuller's statement, of course, was made much later; yet the Dean's account of Ely fare, drawn, he tells us, from a "Manual" at Lambeth, makes very comfortable reading. The "Manual," we should explain, is a list of the gestures, with their meanings, used by the monks to make known their wishes to each other at table, where they were under a vow of silence. They had five or six gestures for as many kinds of bread; there was *panes monachales*, and *panes militaris pro mandatis*, and *panes blakwyte*, and *panes prykket*, and *trenche*. And there were several beers of several degrees of potency, and "Malvesy" wine, and wines of less fame. There is just room, but not more than room, for the acquittal which the Dean pronounces.

EMOTIONS.

"CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES."—*The Psychology of the Emotions*. By Th. Ribot, Professor at the College of France. (Walter Scott.)

ANY adequate discussion of the emotions to-day must take account of the somewhat revolutionary theory that was put forward independently, about a dozen years ago, by Profs. Lange and William James. Take the case of fear. It had been customary to put the matter thus: a child (1) sees an over-demonstrative dog, (2) experiences the emotion of fear, which (3) causes palpitation of the heart, a catch of the breath, constriction or dilatation of the blood-vessels, trembling and movements of shrinking. James and Lange tell us that this order of events is falsely described. According to them, the true sequence is: (1) the sight of the dog, (2) the shrinking palpitation, and so forth, which (3) cause the emotion of fear. We do not weep because we are sad, clench our fists because we are angry, or tremble because we fear. In all such statements we are putting the affective cart before the effective horse. It is because we cry that we are sad; because we clench our fists that we are angry; and because we run away that we are afraid!

It is scarcely a matter for surprise that this view was at first regarded as paradoxical, if not absurd. And so it remains, unless it is restricted within the limits of a purely genetic and analytic treatment. But it has gained ground. And Prof. Ribot is inclined to favour it:

"It seems to me," he says, "the most probable explanation for those who do not represent the emotions to themselves as psychological entities. The only point in which I differ from these authors relates to their way of putting the proposition, not to its substance."

"It is evident that our two authors, whether consciously or not, shun the dualist point of view with the common opinion which they are combating; the only difference being the interversion of cause and effect. Emotion is a cause of which the physical manifestations are the effect, says one party; the physical manifestations are the cause of which emotion is the effect, says the other. In my view, there would be a great advantage in eliminating from the question every notion of cause and effect, every relation of causality, and in substituting for the dualistic position a unitary or monistic one. . . . No state of consciousness can be dissociated from its physical conditions: they constitute a natural whole, which must be studied as such. Every kind of emotion ought to be considered in this way. . . . It is a single occurrence expressed in two languages."

We are by no means clear that this unitary point of view either conduces to clearness or is, indeed, consistent with the hypothesis in question. No doubt if we take the emotion and its physical expression as a synthetic whole, they may be regarded as a single occurrence expressed in two languages. But if we analyse the synthetic occurrence, one of the languages has the priority—is at least antecedent, if not causal. In the older interpretation as expressed in physiological terms by Maudsley (in a passage which Prof. Ribot quotes, but which does not, in our opinion, indicate any

foreshadowing of the newer hypothesis, a physical impression of sight or hearing sets up a commotion in the brain which has for its subjective aspect an emotional state; and on this there follow "either movements or modifications of secretion and nutrition." The brain commotion, and the emotion connected therewith, have the priority. According to James, on the other hand, the brain changes immediately resulting from the sensory impression are not associated with the emotional state, which has no existence till messages are transmitted from the motor and visceral organs called into activity by the primary commotion. There are, indeed, two commotions—one produced by the sensory impression (sight or hearing), the other by physiological impulses coming in from the motor organs and the viscera. And it is with the second of these that the emotional state is associated; or, in monistic terminology, it is of the second commotion in the brain that the emotion is the subjective aspect.

The fact is, that the value of James's view lies wholly in its genetic bearing. Only when we strip off all effects of "association" does it become comprehensible. It is now well recognised that an instinctive response is due to a co-ordinated group of outgoing physiological impulses (initiated by more or less complex stimulation), the effect of which is to produce a mode of behaviour congenitally ingrained through heredity. Mr. Rutgers Marshall regards the instinct feelings thus arising as the main genetic constituents of an emotional state; Prof. James lays greater, but not exclusive, stress on the visceral results; Prof. Lloyd Morgan, approaching the matter from the biological side, regards these visceral effects—on heart, respiration, circulation, the digestive organs, and so forth—as the true differentiae of emotion in its genetic aspect. On any of these hypotheses the genesis of emotion has to be studied in close connexion with the genesis of instinct as biologically defined. Then, having disentangled our factors, we can proceed to study the many and far-reaching effects of "association" by which the emotional states of adult life are rendered so extraordinarily complex.

One of these factors is the pleasure-pain element. This rightly comes in for its due share of consideration in the earlier chapters of Prof. Ribot's work. We do not believe that it is an essential element in emotion analytically and genetically considered. But since it may, and normally does, enter into the complex synthetic states which constitute the emotions of mankind, its discussion naturally finds its proper place in such a work as that under consideration. And Prof. Ribot's treatment is careful, modern, and adequate.

Somewhat more than half the book is devoted to the "special psychology" of the emotions. But though James and Lange's hypothesis is held by the author to be applicable not only to the lower and coarser emotions, but also to those which are regarded as higher and distinctively human, yet in the special discussion little or nothing is said as to the part they play in this subtler region of the psychical life. Although this would have been helpful, and would

have served to bring the discussion more fully into line with modern thought on the subject, its absence will not, perhaps, be felt by the majority of readers, who will thank Prof. Ribot for much that is clear in expression, vigorous, sometimes brilliant, in thought, and orderly in exposition. Through the simpler emotion we are led up to those which are more complex; the social and moral feelings, the æsthetic, religious, and intellectual sentiments are passed in review; and the leading types of character are discussed with freshness and originality. All this offers ample opportunity for a psychologist to indicate his standpoint and to deliver the faith that is in him. Prof. Ribot rises to the occasion, and gives us freely from his rich stores of thought, reading, and observation. He is altogether in line with traditional procedure in treating all these subjects in a work on the emotions. But it is none the less true that the æsthetic, religious, and intellectual sentiments are enormously complex syntheses, the adequate analysis of which discloses, as Prof. Ribot well shows, elements from all the well-springs of our mental and physical life.

FROM THE ANTIPODES.

The Naturalist in Australia. By W. Savile Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. SAVILE KENT'S *Great Barrier Reef of Australia* was welcomed by many naturalists as a valuable contribution to science. It is at least doubtful whether the same tribute will be paid to these later Australian sketches. Like everything Mr. Kent writes, they are pleasant enough to read—almost too pleasant, for one does not expect a naturalist to be continually cracking jokes and venturing, "with the reader's permission," to hazard bad puns; while, on the other hand, if one is in search of jokes and puns it is not to natural history that one would turn for them. We rather resent this habit which is growing up of turning everything into "journalese." It has infected geographers and explorers almost, we are afraid, beyond the power of healing. At least let it stop short there, and not penetrate to other sciences as well. Here is a typical specimen of Mr. Savile Kent's popular style:

"The contours of some of the termitaria constructed by the Kimberley white ant are most fantastic and grotesque. . . . In Fig. A. the contour is not unlike that of a primitive form of locomotive engine, which for some unexplained reason has become imbedded in a thick coating of clay. In the second view, B, of the same termitary there is a ludicrous likeness to a group of human figures, clad in voluminous fleece-like garments. A man resembling the stereotyped delineations of Father Christmas or Robinson Crusoe, with a pack on his back, leads the way, and is followed by what might be his better half, wearing what bears a suspicious resemblance to a divided skirt combined with the very latest fashion in balloon sleeves."

This sort of thing is cheap, nugatory, and perhaps a trifle vulgar. It remains to add

that only by a most violent stretch of the imagination could one detect any of these supposed likenesses, the list of which is prolonged on to another page.

In speaking of the impossibility of detecting the nuclei of pearls by means of the Röntgen rays, Mr. Savile Kent cannot resist adding:

"May be, in the near future, a new XX, XXX, or other occult luminant will be evolved which shall possess the property of laying bare the nuclei of pearls, the marrow within our bones, and even the quality and quantity of the packing of our brain-cases. The physician's diagnosis of the eligibility of candidates for Hanwell, or of paterfamilias's determination of the most appropriate career for the training of his verdant olive branches, will, under such conditions, be a lightsome task."

Apart from its irrelevance, the fatuity of such a sentence in a book meant for naturalists hardly requires comment. We suspect that the satisfaction of unbotting that little joke about the treble X Rays was responsible for it.

As for the subject-matter of the book, we are inclined to divide it into two parts—one of which is well done, the other doubtfully. On fishes and marine organisms generally Mr. Savile Kent is an authority, while his position as Fishery Commissioner gave him an exceptional opportunity of studying the marine fauna of Australia very closely. Much of what appears in these sketches, especially as regards the coralline growths, has already figured in *The Barrier Reef*; but, at any rate, it is useful and good knowledge. We should say that the last chapters of the book in which these questions are dealt with are the best. There is less disposition to be funny, and more to convey information. The same cannot be said for the earlier chapters, on lizards and birds. The bird section, in particular, is mainly taken up with the portraits and doings of a couple of ridiculous young fern-owls, or "more-porks," which the author photographed in every variety of posture that would yield a humorous title. This method of illustrating science reaches its climax in Plates VIII., IX., which consist of twenty designs for Christmas cards made out of the Protean changes of the "more-pork" owl. We do not deny that the changes are humorous, or that the photographs are excellent; but Christmas cards are what they are suitable for, and they might have been judiciously left there. So with the lizards. Mr. Savile Kent was fortunate enough to secure specimens of the little known *Chlamydosaurus Kingi*, or frilled lizard, and to obtain snap-shop photographs of its absurd antics in walking and running on two legs. The fact of its going on two legs has never been satisfactorily demonstrated before, and Mr. Savile Kent has done service in proving this; but one does become rather weary of the everlasting joke about this poor little creature's resemblances, and of the suggestion that its right hand should be carrying a cricket-bat, &c.

Perhaps our worst grievance of all—and when that is stated there are many things left to praise—is the book itself. It is too large to hold, and enormously heavy; the latter fault being perhaps unavoidable

owing to the nature of the paper required for the text illustrations. But besides this it is a thoroughly sloppy, though specious, piece of book making. It gives one the suggestion at once that it was written up to the illustrations, which are lavished throughout the text with more regard to quantity than quality. The "50 full-page colotype plates" are sometimes good, but, in general, poor, and they have the disadvantage of coming out as you turn over the leaves. The half-tone blocks do something less than justice to Mr. Savile Kent's extraordinarily good photographs, which we have seen, and they are only fairly well printed. The whole should be compared with a book just published, on which *real* care has been spent, and which from every point of view is a credit to English printing and publishing—J. G. Millais's *British Deer Horns*. Between the two methods of production there is a great gulf fixed.

When one has got over all the objectionable features referred to, *The Naturalist in Australia* contains much that is worth noting. The theme is one of surpassing interest, and has never yet been exhaustively treated. The botany and fauna of Australia represent all that is left of the great southern continent, or "Notogea," in its pristine state, uncontaminated by the harder species which invaded it from the north. They afford us a means of comparing the working of organic evolution on parallel lines, under different conditions, from a very early period of time, and generally present the largest field for labour now left to the Darwinian naturalist. It is hardly to be expected that so enthusiastic an observer as Mr. Savile Kent would miss the great opportunity here offered him; and throughout his book will be found speculations of original merit and proofs of careful observation. These useful additions to science are spoilt, as we have said, by a too keen sense of humour—a fault one could pardon—and a journalistic habit of writing for smartness, which one cannot. If, like "E. H. A." or Mr. Kipling, he had deliberately set himself to anthropomorphise or diagnose the motives of "the tribes on his frontier," it would have been different. For such work popular treatment is permissible. But *The Naturalist in Australia* is a person with definite responsibilities towards science, and in his case the flippancies of Mr. Savile Kent, like the moral obliquities of the fashionable mother's child, are not only wrong, they are vulgar.

ARTS AND CRAFTS LECTURES.

Art and Life, and the Building and Decoration of Cities. A Series of Lectures by Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, delivered at the Fifth Exhibition of the Society in 1896. (Rivington, Percival & Co.)

IDEALS have their value in every place and at all times; and nowhere is this more true than in the London that we know. In the pleasant little book before us we are gradually led up from general considerations of art in our daily life to its detailed

application to the surroundings of our business or our pleasure. By the names at the head of these five chapters we are gently persuaded that the knowledge of the expert craftsman is displayed for our benefit in each instance, and the individual note struck by each author adds its own strength to the harmony of the whole.

The first lecture begins with a graceful tribute to the memory of the society's president, William Morris, and it is his ideals which will be discovered, in varied adaptations, in these pages written by the pupils who sat at his feet. Here shall you find the doctrine of "the doing a right thing well in the spirit of an artist who loves the just, the seemly, the beautiful"—of

"that spirit of order and seemliness, of dignity and sublimity which, acting in unison with the great procession of natural forces in their own orderly evolution, tends to make out of a chaos of egotistic passions a great power of disinterested social action."

'Tis pity that all this must be conditioned by "the possible"; but the fact of this condition need not deter us from the dream of what were best; nor need the "enormousness—or rather the enormity"—of London give us pause. For beauty is organic, and grows with every living growth which it adorns; nor need we fear that once the heart is seized by that strong passion for the right which beauty brings, the head will lag behind in formulating possibilities of action. Just as practical politicians are well aware that the most far-seeing calculations may in an instant be swept away by sudden sentiment or passion, so in the most disheartening depths of modern plutocracy and ostentation we may with confidence await some sudden burst of the illuminating spirit that will in a few short years undo the errors of a century. Unattainable, therefore, as many of the views before us may appear, we hail them as an honest expression of that end which all men and all cities are striving in their hearts to win, of that desire which few can formulate and most conceal, but which demands some such modest and timely expression as this.

From glimpses of the magnificent simplicity of Homeric life we are led on to contemplate the early cities of historic years—those rock-built dwelling-places upon a hill or at the curving of a stream—where the camp first held the ground and gave a shelter for the palace and the sacred shrine, where gods and the daughters of gods still mingled with the sons of men, and the light of a passionate devotion burnt clearly on the public altar. So from the twilight of Paganism stands out the Acropolis of Athens, the Seven Hills of Rome, and then the domes and columns of Constantinople. Then with the strengthened life of Christianity came the Gothic art of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries. The dreaded "thousandth year" was gone; the peoples were gradually settling down in the divisions that were to make for permanence; the old order changed, and with the death of feudalism came the rise of national art. Exuberant, romantic, full-blooded, and passionately human, the mediæval craftsman

laid hold upon his tools with an intensity of feeling which resulted from his mere brute joy in life and living. Save by material itself, and by his actual knowledge, his art was without limits, for the necessity of expression was paramount, and the hardness of a creative faith was in him. These were the days of the true mason-craft and guild-work; when "good work was understood, and the good workman was honoured." Leisure and the wealth of loving service, space and unfettered fancy, all were his, and upon every yard of stone or wood that showed on his cathedral walls he carved the things he saw around him—the lessons of his daily task, his dreams of punishment or of reward, his guesses at the riddles of existence.

"Romance has gone," sighs Mr. Lethaby, and looks aghast at modern London. But it is here, though the old master masons are at work no longer. But yesterday:

"... and all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen . . .
Robed, crowned, and throned he wove his spell
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
Hedged in a backward-gazing world."

It is of little use to bewail a condition of society that is in the irrevocable past; it was not the society that left us the monuments which we strive vainly to imitate, it was the same art which is with us now would we but know it, for art and beauty are eternal. We cannot, therefore, agree with the complaint that Wren was not allowed to work his will in full upon the town. His churches are with us, and his Cathedral. His plans to Haussmanise the capital we can well spare. For there is a beauty of its own in the strong commingled architecture of our London streets which does not easily lend itself to such organised pomp as was attempted at Vienna, even to the magnificent designs of Paris. It is a beauty of which Mr. Henley has made us free, which needs but seeing eyes to understand it. And we are far more in sympathy with some such bold and simple scheme (surely not impossible of realisation later on) as that broad stately way that is here suggested from the River upwards to the British Museum. This is to deal in the old spirit with a modern state of things.

Mr. Walter Crane contributes some advice on the decoration of public buildings, in which his appreciation of Mr. Watts's fine qualifications is adequate and suggestive. Mr. Reginald Bloomfield speaks wisely of public parks and open spaces, reminding us of the Roman architect, the courage of whose expenditure "on public works for the adornment of his city makes our own municipal efforts seem little less than contemptible." Something of this Roman spirit of grandeur in design was realised by the Renaissance artists; but it needed the Great Century in France to fully develop that national amplitude of art and architecture which was a direct consequence of the political ambition of Richelieu for the greatness of his country as a whole. That ambition is in its turn out of date; it has given way to the modern outburst of democratic feeling which was heralded by

the Revolution. The individualism of the mediæval artist, crushed out by Richelieu and welded into a centralised and academic stateliness, has asserted itself once more in the modern state which Richelieu made possible for the democratic peoples whom he could not crush. It is in this modern state of ours, in a greater empire than the world has seen, that we have now to deal with the problem of directing a sovereign democracy into the right lines in which its life should be laid. And those lines must of necessity be broad ones. A sense of colour (which is here discussed in Mr. Ricardo's paper) and a sense of decorative detail will follow that larger sense of proportion and of fitness which must first of all be roused. But if we must begin by appreciating small things, for such beginnings we may be grateful to the Society of Arts and Crafts.

SOCIAL ENGLAND.

Social England. By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L. Vol. VI., "From the Battle of Waterloo to the General Election of 1885." (Cassell.)

MR. TRAILL'S final volume contains the best account yet published of that era in English history which culminated in the Diamond Jubilee. As a rule, the book by many hands is a patchwork without design, every contributor working to a plan and in a style of his own. Here the difficulty is nearly, if not wholly, overcome. The editor has poured his own spirit into the ears of writers who, without losing their individuality, maintain a certain uniformity in aim and treatment. It would, however, have been a miracle had all the team been brought level. Side by side with the excellent "Political History" of Mr. Lloyd Sanders, the clever and trenchant "Decorative Art" of Miss May Morris, and the very thorough work of such specialists as Mr. Laird Clowes, Mr. W. H. Hutton, Mr. Scott Keltie, Mr. Prothero, and others, there are one or two weak contributions. Miss Bateson's chapters on "Manners and Social Life," for instance, are most inadequate, and coloured to some extent by a fad. Nor can a history of Social England be reckoned complete that omits all reference to its games and pastimes. Are not horse-racing and cricket, lawn-tennis and football, chess and cards and billiards elements of social existence, more particularly when they become international in character? Worthy of much broader treatment than it has received, too, is the fall of the landed and the rise of the commercial interest, with all the changes it carries—the flocking of people to towns, the decay of territorial influence, the obliteration of ancient usage and custom. Apart from these blemishes and omissions, the work deserves the very highest praise; and if we were to single out one portion of it as better than the rest, it is that done by the editor himself—the literature of the period. It is doubtful if any other living writer could have given us a survey equal to it. Mr. Traill

stands clear of school and clique. He is at once appreciative, critical, and impartial. We say this, nevertheless, without committing ourselves to a wholesale acceptance of his judgment. Indeed, some of them are more than a little curious. Of Dickens, for instance, he says the humour is shallow, his characters are but abstract qualities, they are not real people; his pathos is more than occasionally false. Now these are definite and damning vices, and it is surprising, after their enumeration, to find Dickens still placed at the head of Victorian novelists. Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, and Mrs. Gaskell—that is his class list placed in order of merit, although his warm and unstinted praise of Thackeray suggests that in putting Dickens first Mr. Traill only bows the knee to a popular god. Now, only the other day Mr. Gladstone, casting his patriarchal eye over the century, told us it had produced only two supreme novelists, Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot. Mr. Traill will perhaps pardon us for frankly telling him why we think posterity is more likely to be with the old statesman than the consummate literary critic. The latter, in the exercise of his craft, is absolutely bound to come under the influence of the surface waves of his time, to apply the standard of a "movement," of which he has been part, and to forget what is the most thorough test of great fiction. Are the characters of it so truly imagined as to impose upon you as living, breathing human beings? Do they actually talk and act as mortals do? How many English writers would come triumphantly out of the ordeal? Shakespeare, of course, and Sir Walter, and Laurence Sterne in certain passages unsurpassed in our literature, and Fielding, with his Squire Western, and George Eliot; but, according to Mr. Traill's admission, decidedly not Dickens, and just as decidedly not Thackeray, whose gift is ever that of one of the most engaging, one of the most brilliant, essayists who in a novel, only made clever, play with his puppets. It is all very well to declaim against George Eliot's analytic method, her abuse of science, her too pretentious and other blemishes, but Sir Walter was careless, and Sterne prolix; and every great writer has faults. In George Eliot the saving essential grace is that she had the imagination to mirror human life in her books. With that gift a writer may go anywhere—it makes the difference between *Ivanhoe* and the two dozen romances produced by as many thrilling romancers every half-year; it makes the difference between George Eliot and every author who has tried to walk in her footsteps. Without it the gasping chase after "situations" is no more than a modern journalist's hunt for "fetching" copy. To revolt against the humdrum commonplace of Anthony Trollope was all very well, but steel chains and swords do not make romance which inhabits our English lanes and cottages as certainly as it is found in the clash of battle. The "Romantic school" has some strange monsters to answer for. And this brings us to a phenomenon of our times that Mr. Traill points out with his usual

force and clearness. The passage deserves quotation. He says:

"There is at least no evidence to show that when Shakespeare and the other great dramatists and lyrists ruled, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century, or when, as at the beginning of the eighteenth, Addison and Steele and Pope and Swift were the admired and honoured leaders of the national literature, there flourished side by side with them one or more writers of vast inferiority to these great men, but of quite as wide, if not of wider, celebrity, and commanding a 'paying public' of a numerical magnitude to which the admirers of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Pope and Addison, never at their most successful moment approached. If any such fortunate impostors existed in these periods, their very names are lost to us. Poetasters and prose twaddlers no doubt abounded; but not with money. The 'poor devils' worked for the booksellers at a pittance, and Pope had the satisfaction not only of lashing their incompetence but of jeering at their rags.

This is *à propos* of Martin Tupper, who is dead; but it might have been written of the many prose Tupperes now alive, and whose vogue is no doubt a result of the millions of untrained minds turned out by the Board schools. There are many other suggestive remarks that one is reluctant to pass unnoticed in Mr. Traill's article—for example, his reference to the magnetism which some writers exercise over beginners. Macaulay's prose style was slavishly copied for generations. Mr. Swinburne's method dominated young poets for twenty years; so, in a lesser degree, did that of Rossetti. Hence, perhaps, the flock of "minors" over whom Mr. Traill keeps watch with benevolent eye; hence, too, perhaps, the slowness of any great genius to arise, for in the world, as Goethe says, are "many echoes but few voices."

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Four Lectures on the Law of Employers' Liability at Home and Abroad. By Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., Quain Professor of Law at University College, London. (Macmillan & Co.)

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are gradually building up a select law library which shall be understood of the people. Mr. Birrell's capital little handbook for trustees, Dr. Blake Odgers' *résumé* of the law of libel, and now Mr. Birrell's companion volume on employers' liability, will go a long way to remove that too common *ignorantia juris* which is no excuse when any of us offends. No defter hand or more ingenious brain could have been engaged for this task than Mr. Birrell's. Here is a writer who actually dares to mention "the Human Comedy" in a book on law! He plays with his subject, fondles it, dandles it, and occasionally pokes fun at the most eminent judges in our history. Moreover, he uses technical terms, and actually condescends to tell you what they mean. Nor is he the opposite of a pedant. If pedantry is repulsive in law,

amateurism is dangerous; but Mr. Birrell is neither hide-bound in his profession nor disinclined to admit its real value. The public, as apart from the student and the professional man, may take this pretty little volume and know that while they are enjoying the witty and delightful papers it contains on a subject of wide human interest appealing to the business and bosoms of us all, they are also imbibing the best that can be said about it by an accurate jurist.

In four chapters Mr. Birrell discusses the common-law doctrines about employers' liability, based on negligence, modified by the exceptions of "contributory negligence," "*volenti non fit injuria*," and "common employment"; the Act of 1880; the foreign laws on the same subject; and the new Workmen's Compensation Bill. From a superficial view, and for the general reader, we should say that the chapter on the laws abroad will be of particular interest. It enables the English reader to understand where we really are in the matter of social legislation, how much behind Germany, but not comparing unfavourably with the rest of the Continent. On the new Bill Mr. Birrell has a good many acute criticisms to make, though he gives it a hearty welcome. Some of them are already perhaps, out of date, and this chapter will soon bear re-writing; but since all that Mr. Birrell has to say throughout really leads up to the new reform proposed by the Unionist Government, there could not at the present moment be any better guide to a comprehension of the Bill than this volume, by which the change is put compactly into its proper historical and legal perspective.

* * *

A Guide to Chamonix and Mont Blanc. By Edward Whymper. (John Murray.)

THIS is a second edition of an invaluable book. Mr. Whymper is not a rival to Murray and to Baedeker. He writes for mountaineers rather than for tourists, with that intimate and detailed knowledge of every peak, glacier, and *arête* in the Mont Blanc district which probably he alone possesses. The guide proper is preceded by a fascinating and learned account of the history of the Mont Blanc campaign, and by an obituary of those who fell in the onslaught. Amongst the last victims recorded are Emile Rey, of Courmayeur, who was killed on the *Aiguille du Géant* in August, 1895, and of the lamented Richard Lewis Nettlehip. Mr. Whymper's information is exhaustive and practical. He knows the right shop for ice-axes in every town, and the quality of the provisions at every hut. He appends precise information on financial subjects, and careful plans, many of them from his own photographs. And he writes in an incisive humorous fashion, which affords a pleasing contrast to the wooden style of the ordinary handbook. Every mountaineer owes him gratitude for an indispensable part of his outfit.

* * *

Croquet: its History, Rules, and Secrets. By Arthur Lillie. (Longmans & Co.)

THE apparition, to-day, of a book on croquet may be taken according to taste as prophetic of revival or memorial of extinction.

In any case, no one could be better qualified to write eulogy or epitaph than Mr. Lillie, who was champion as far back as 1872, and champion, too, in the galvanised tournament of last year. The volume before us contains a complete record of the history, theory, and practice of the game. Nor is it difficult to glean therefrom why croquet died. As a serious game, it was too easy; and as a garden-party diversion, it lent itself too easily to irrelevancies. A witty scholar defined it as a school less for horticulture than for husbandry. It is said to survive at Oxford, but "in a country-house last autumn two ladies, fond of golf and hunting, by a winding path in a garden came upon a game of croquet unexpectedly. They sprang back with faces of absolute loathing." To the man of letters croquet is chiefly interesting because Mark Pattison played it with considerable success, and because Disraeli described it immortally in *Lothair*. It was at Brentham that Lady Corisande played with "curates in cassocks," and that Mr. Blenkinsop, who hopelessly loved her, drove over with "several cases and bags containing instruments and weapons for the fray."

"The scene was brilliant—a marvellous lawn, the Duchess's Turkish tent with its rich hangings, and the players themselves, the prettiest of all the spectacle, with their coquettish hats and their half-veiled, half-revealed under-vestment, scarlet and silver or blue and gold, made up a sparkling and modish scene."

We cannot resist the gorgeous quotation.

* * *

Chopin's Greater Works: How they should be Understood. By Jean Kleczynski. Translated by Natalie Janotha. (William Reeves.)

THIS work should be in the hands of every man and every woman. To know how to play Chopin's music is the knowledge of all things. Chopin has the charm that never dies; he stands as the bible of melody, as the hymn of flowers. He remembered the workers in field and wood, and field and wood sang back to him their strength. The shell on the seashore whispered its cloistered psalm to him; and the spirit of the rose afforded him a text-book. Many have wondered where he won his inspiration. He had eyes to see with, and saw; ears to hear with, and heard. He could lead the simple and harm them not. He was acquainted with sounds, and knew that sounds were before words. He takes us into great presences, and we are afraid; he makes us remember our Creator in the days of our youth, and again we are afraid. Oh! Chopin, thou art the St. John of harmony; who will come after thee? His polonaises, ballads, nocturnes, mazurkas mean that heaven still can throw down to thinkers what prophecy, even in its flight, hath never yet told. This translation of Natalie Janotha has received the highest praise from Mr. Fredrick Niecks, who wrote the *Life of Chopin*, and is dedicated to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone has written to Mrs. Drew regarding it: "I am extremely glad to hear that Miss Janotha is giving her aid to the interpretation of Chopin, whom she so deeply venerates, for I feel sure that no one living is more competent to do it."

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES.—*Sir Walter Scott.* By George Saintsbury. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THIS volume, the most important, with the possible exception of that on *John Knox*, in the series of which it forms a part, is appropriately put in the hands of Prof. Saintsbury, who thus makes his courteous bow to the country of his recent adoption. Nor will any one acquainted with Prof. Saintsbury's literary temper need to be told that in Sir Walter Scott, both as writer and man, he finds a subject peculiarly sympathetic to him. There are plenty of little books on Scott, of course, but it is quite fair to plead, as is pleaded for this one, that a little book containing a survey of the new material provided by the recent instalments of *Journal* and *Letters* as well as by Mr. Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, cannot be considered out of place. And even were that not so, we are glad, on the critical side, to hear what Prof. Saintsbury has to say. As to the manner in which it is said, there will of course be a difference of opinion. To some Prof. Saintsbury's style will appear easy, unaffected, and entertaining; others it will, as usual, exasperate beyond the bounds of serenity. And we are bound to confess that upon ourselves the slipshod English, the constant colloquialism, the frequent obscurity of meaning, have at times a positively maddening effect. We recognise that upon Scott, as upon every other literary subject under the sun, Prof. Saintsbury has much that is sensible and something that is original to say. He brings to his task wide knowledge and real, though not, we think, unprejudiced, critical faculty. But as for reading him for pleasure, we have this many a day given up the attempt.

* * *

The Music of the Poets: a Musician's Birthday Book. By Eleonore D'Esterre-Keeling. (Walter Scott & Co.)

THIS charming volume is announced as a second edition completely revised. It is handsomely bound, and is adorned with portraits of twelve of the world's greatest musicians, one for each month in the year, the portrait being attached to the birth-month of the composer. In each case a facsimile autograph is appended to the portrait. On every day in the year is recorded the birth of one or more great musical writer, popular singer, or famous virtuoso, and in connexion with the most prominent of these some snatch of a poet's song in praise of music is quoted. The compiler says that "in reading descriptions of music in English poetry some special composer or performer has often been suggested to me by certain verses." In this way a very interesting book took shape. In addition to the autographs attached to the large portraits, many signatures of composers and players are scattered through its pages, with brief phrases from some of their most familiar works. Over a hundred poets have been laid under contribution, and from Geoffrey Chaucer to Alfred Austin they rhythmically chant the praises of the art which is twin-sister to their own.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

The Mutable Many. By Robert Barr.
(Methuen & Co.)

Mr. Barr writes this time in all seriousness, but he comes perilously near the brink of caricature. The success of *Marcella* and of *Sir George Trevelyan* has not unnaturally ushered in an era of political novels. Consequently, I look forward to several hours of tedium; for although the magic wand of art can inspire politics, and even labour politics, with interest—Charles Reade, by the way, did it well of old—yet in the hands of the ordinary novelist the details of strikes and of trades-unions become all that there is of the most boring. In any case, one may fairly claim that the politicians should be living and not lay figures. Now Mr. Barr's strikers come straight from the property room. You have the clever artisan with the managership of the works in his eye, the burly Yorkshireman with lusty sinews and thick brains, the glib union secretary, and the "mutable many" themselves, the veering mob of workmen. For the real human being, drawn with knowledge and sympathy, you look in vain. For sentimental interest Mr. Barr gives you the manager's beautiful daughter Edna, in love with the aspiring artisan aforesaid. Comic—one might say farcical—relief is provided by a pseudo-artist, a son of one of the "masters." He is caricature pure and simple, wallowing in money, varnished with humbug, and a cad at heart. He sets up a studio in Chelsea, with stone steps like those at the Pitti Palace, and a funkey in a blue, crimson, and silver livery of the artist's own design:

"Nothing gives character and dignity to a place so much as a 'man' sumptuously fitted out in a style that is palpably regardless of cost; and if it may be plainly seen that the 'man' performs no needful function whatever, then is the effect heightened, for few human beings attain the apex of utter uselessness. The great hotels of this country recognise the distinction reflected upon them by the possession of a creature of splendour at their doors, who grandly waits the incoming guests with a hand-wave towards the hall. But these persons of embellishment often demean themselves by opening the doors of cabs and performing other useful acts, thus detracting from their proper function, which was, Barney insisted, to content themselves with being merely beautiful.

When a visitor once complained that the man at the top of the stairs had refused to direct him into the studio, Barney laid his right hand in friendly brotherliness on the visitor's shoulder and said:

"He knew, dear boy, that I would discharge him instantly if he so far forgot himself as to answer a question."

Barney Hope affects impressionism, and describes his own pictures much as a Ruskinian would describe Mr. Whistler's:

"Were you long in painting it?"

"Yes, a good while. Of course, I can't tell just how long, for one does not do a masterpiece like that right off the reel, don't you know. I suppose I must have spent as much as six hours on it, off and on. You see, you have to wait until the groundwork dries before you can go on with the rest. First, with a big brush, I covered the whole of the canvas with burnt umber, and then let it dry. That's night, as it would appear if there were no lights anywhere. Then I put in my high lights—little dabs of white paint. That seems easy; but, I tell you, it requires genius. Then, if there is water, even though unseen to the general eye, one has to put in little wobbly lines of grey paint under the dots of high light, and there you are, don't you know. It all seems simple enough to talk about, and plenty of fellows are trying it, now I have shown them the way; but somehow they don't hit it off, don't you know!"

I am afraid that Mr. Barr has not put much heart into this story. It is a bit of patchwork, full of disconnected incidents. There are too many "walking gentlemen," who come in and go off again without forwarding the story or assisting its vital unity. Mr. Barr can write easily and pleasantly enough, but he seems to suffer from having nothing to write about.

A Rich Man's Daughter. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
(F. V. White & Co.)

One of the minor characters in this book tells a story of a man who lay under sentence of death at Newgate. His wife went to see him, and there was a touching farewell. As she tore herself away she said: "Well, good-bye, dear. When Monday comes I'll bring the children up to see the last of you." "For God's sake, don't," entreated the unfortunate wretch. "Just like you," she retorted, "you always did grudge the poor dears a bit of pleasure." The anecdote, in its not very happy mingling of the pathetic with the humorous, is curiously characteristic of Mrs. Riddell's style in this book. Most women have no sense of humour. Mrs. Riddell has one, and it is just a little too restive. Her way is to bring in a character in circumstances tragic or depressing. We attune our feelings accordingly—accord our respectful sympathy, or pursue with genuine interest. Of a sudden she whisks off the mask, and whom we took for hero is revealed for low-comedy man. There is the case of Mrs. Vink. We are introduced to her in the street:

"Dr. Dagley's professional eye was attracted by the walk of a woman in front, who likewise was proceeding towards Kensington-road.

It was not a reel or a stagger, neither did it resemble the uncertain certainty that marks the progress of one utterly blind. Dr. Dagley did not understand, therefore he quickened his pace in order to overtake the pedestrian—in vain.

The faster he walked the more speed she put on—a spasmodic speed, as he quite understood, which could not last. She was a genteelish-looking, slight, poor body, dressed in shabby, well-fitting clothes; a totally respectable woman, he would have thought, had it not been for that occasional 'heel over,' which, when connected with the after 'spurt,' puzzled him immensely. In all his experience, which had been large, he had never come across anything like it. Therefore, as she hurried he followed on faster; but when he was within measurable distance of that lean, strangely hurrying woman, she flung out her hands as if to catch hold of something, only to clutch empty air, and fell to the ground.

In a moment Dr. Dagley was beside the poor creature, and had propped her up against the pillar of a portico. Even then he found it necessary to support her, for she was in a swoon—a delicate, youngish woman, with small, pretty features, shabbily dressed, but neat and clean.

"Can we get any water?" inquired the doctor of a policeman, who happened to be close by.

"I'll try, sir," answered the man, and ringing an area bell he was soon supplied with what he asked for.

"It is a clear case of semi-starvation," said Dr. Dagley, looking at the head which hung down helplessly like a broken lily."

By these representations one is led to take an interest, to expend a pity; and the feeling is almost one of irritation when one learns that Mrs. Vink is a cheat, a liar, and a ne'er-do-well, and quite deserves the frequent drubbings which her husband gives her. This person—another victim to Mrs. Riddell's passion for the unexpected—begins as a brutalised drunkard, but suddenly reforms, and explains why he refused a good situation in the country:

"It was a fine offer, and sorry enough I felt when I'd to say I couldn't go."

"You did refuse, then?"

"Had to. When I told my missus she was like one demented. Leave London, not she! Bury herself in the country! No; if I wanted to go I might go myself, but she'd never do such a thing. She had enough of the country when she spent two months with my mother; wild horses wouldn't draw her into such a lonely, miserable place again. It was then, sir, I did feel it hard not to give her 'one,' but I only said, 'Take your own way, my girl; we'll see where it will land you.'"

Then there is Mr. Koberl, a man dying of consumption, whom I might almost call the buffoon of the book. No reason, of course, can be adduced why pathos and humour should not be compatible—many pens have found them not only compatible but mutually

advantageous—but in this book the combination jars. Mrs. Riddell does not mix her colours well. In the story, as a whole, there is a good deal of crudity. The main figure is a doctor, who is “only waiting for a capitalist in order to show mankind a better order of physician.” He is a cad and an egotist, and his efforts to find a short cut to Harley-street are, I fear, not so enlivening as they are unscrupulous. The wheels of the narrative drag somewhat, for Mrs. Riddell keeps all her sensation for the last two chapters.

* * * *

Captain Kid's Millions. By Alan Oscar.
(Chapman & Hall.)

There is, as you have of course observed, a fashion in novel-writing which changes with the changing times. But the course of fashion is spiral, and leads us back periodically to somewhere near the point we had reached when our years and our follies were fewer than they are. This morning it has struck me that we are back again at a point a little above—or below—Wilkie Collins. I pick up a batch of books, and I find them all what I may term “detective” stories. You are given a crime, a mystery, a hidden treasure. The problem is to find the criminal, or the cash. But this is a detective story with a difference: for it has a strong dash of *Treasure Island*—which statement I intend as a compliment to Mr. Alan Oscar. You have heard of Captain Kid and his treasure. But a few years have passed since an expedition—a real one—sailed to the island of Trinidad in search of it. In the first part of this story Mr. Alan Oscar reconstitutes the adventures of Captain Kid, and writes with considerable success in the person of that truculent sailor. The second part, which is connected by a curious link with the first, is pitched in a modern key, and does not quite reach the same level of excellence. But there are stirring scenes, and there are passages which will make you hold your breath as you accompany Jefferson, Keddy, and Palfrow in their hazardous quest. Here is a passage which should thrill you:

“‘If you think I am going to make a row,’ he said, ‘you are devilish well mistaken. Shoot! why don’t you? Perhaps he won’t hit me,’ he thought quite calmly. ‘I’ll take a jump at him, and chance it.’

PALFROW: ‘Forty seconds gone.’

KEDDY (to himself): ‘If I could only get him to shift his eyes a moment! Anyhow, I’ll stare him, full face.’

PALFROW: ‘Fifteen seconds more.’

At that moment Keddy’s chance came. From far below rose a sudden cry—‘Dick! Down for your life, Dick!’

For the briefest part of a moment Palfrow’s eyes flickered. In that brief moment Keddy sprang forward from off his right heel. Palfrow fired, his shot entering Keddy’s shoulder; then the two grappled.

An Arab or a Zulu will carry several ounces of lead through a fight unnoticed. A healthy Englishman, when his blood is up, will do the same. Keddy did not even notice that he was hit. He wanted to squash this filthy reptile—that was all.

In the first rush they staggered through the entrance, through the drenching waterfall, out on to the ledge beyond. They did not keep their feet half a minute. The rocky shelf was slippery with slime from the constant wet; and they went down, Keddy uppermost.”

From this passage you will see that Mr. Alan Oscar has the irritating habit of dropping occasionally into the dramatic form. It is unnecessary and ineffective: it strikes the reader as a ruse to save trouble: but the defect is rare. If you want to know what became of the treasure, what Blue Jim did, whom Keddy married, you must read the book: it will keep your pulse consistently at something over the normal rate.

* * * *

Ripple and Flood. By James Prior.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

This is a novel distinctly out of the common. It has humanity in it and life and colour. The scene is laid on the banks of the Trent, and Mr. Prior falls in with the prevalent demand for dialect and for the humours and setting of rural life. Humour he has, and also the power of word-painting, the latter in an unusual and remarkable degree. Some of his landscape is magnificent, intimately drawn and full of atmosphere. But the book is no mere idyll or series of idylls. The meads and various rivers are but the background to a real story, richly conceived and strongly executed. You are aware of movement, progression, vitality in the threefold development of

Edward Allius, artist, lover and potential murderer. The growth and ply of conflicting strains of temperament are finely and patiently studied, with genuine comprehension of the making of large and slowly evolved natures. Excellent is the picture of Edward’s early life, the somewhat solitary boy, with the *dour* farmer uncle, and the silent father on whose name is the stain of a crime, and whose identity must be hidden, by the brother’s stern decree, from his son. The shadow of tragedy is over the household, and in tragedy at last it breaks up. Excellent, too, is the picture of the heroine of the book, Ivy Sivil, first as the passionate, unkempt, tender-hearted gipsy child, then as the Salvation Army captain, of unearthly beauty, a marvel among women. Mr. Prior’s name is unknown to us, but in *Ripple and Flood* he has produced a book with real stuff in it, with restrained art in the handling, with vigour and amplitude in the theme. There is one scene, in a hayfield, which, for the closeness of its touch upon the harmony of human and natural life, recalls Thomas Hardy in *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*. And than this there could hardly be greater praise.

* * * *

False Gods. By Mrs. Albert Bradshaw.
(Henry & Co.)

The stilted language and indifferent English of this novel recall the Sunday-school prize of childhood. Adjectives—mostly in the superlative degree—bristle on every page, but they are all the conventional and obvious adjectives. Scarcely one shows observation or thought. “Unsuspectiveness” is a word to give one pause, and “berceauunette” for what is generally called “bassinet” savours of the lady’s-maid or the baby-linen warehouse. Flavia Thornton, the heroine, has every physical perfection, including “deeply-fringed eye-lashes.” Morally she has not a leg to stand on. A grandfather, of whose existence she has hitherto known nothing, advertises for relatives “without encumbrances,” and Flavia, with a light heart, deserts husband and child to pose as an unmarried woman and adorn the table of a rich old man. She enjoys ribbons and laces galore—the book is crowded with descriptions of frocks and millinery—together with the attentions, which she virtuously ignores, of an eligible young barrister. The grandfather’s objections to encumbrances do not prevent him from encouraging this suit, and Flavia no longer finds her path one of roses. Then comes Nemesis. The husband is introduced to the grandfather as a private secretary, and thus discovers his wife’s perfidy. He leaves the house, and on his deathbed writes his wife a reproachful letter, which Flavia, now repentant, is sufficiently melodramatic to have read aloud. She is stormed out of the house; but when the infatuated barrister, who has succeeded to the inheritance, marries her, in two years’ time, we feel that poetic justice has hardly been done.

ABOUT BALZAC.

Autour de Honoré de Balzac. By the Vicomte de Spoelbergh
de Lovenjoul. (Calmann Lévy.)

There are books difficult to class. The present volume is one of them. It is not a biography, although it throws more light on Balzac than more portentous works have succeeded in doing. The Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Lovenjoul is the author of *L’Histoire des Œuvres de H. de Balzac*, a volume now in its third edition, which was “crowned” by the French Academy. The book before me appears a logical sequel to the former work. In spite of the minute attention which two generations of men of letters have devoted to Balzac—for he astonished his contemporaries even more than he has dazzled his followers and imitators—there has yet to be written an adequate life of the author of the unparalleled series of novels to which their creator finally, and with extreme felicity, gave the name of the “Comédie Humaine.” It is doubtful whether so extraordinary a range of observation, sympathy, and knowledge of human nature can be found in any other novelist. A library could be formed out of the books and articles Balzac’s work and his life have inspired, and yet, in spite of Mme. Surville, of George Sand, and of Théophile Gautier, the last word still remains to be said. There are reasons why his career should seem obscure or contradictory. Mme. Surville, who published soon after her brother’s

death the famous "Notice sur Balzac" in the *Revue de Paris*, was naturally anxious to present him in the most favourable light, whilst George Sand and Théophile Gautier were almost equally anxious to spare their friend's memory. In one of his earlier letters to his sister Balzac said: "I am young and hungry, and there is nothing on my plate." Then, that there should be no doubt as to the meaning of his metaphor, he added: "I wish to be famous and to be loved!" Well, probably he was as much loved as any man of eccentric genius can expect; and as for fame, he was always hungry, however full his plate.

It is partly due to his friends and partly to his enemies that we have two Balzacs—one simple, generous, and full of indomitable energy; the other so completely deficient in common sense to appear at times imperfectly sane. The real relations of Balzac with most of the men and women associated more or less with his life are little known. Like the immortal Tartarin, he was the victim of *mirage*. The facts of everyday existence were so coloured by his own fancy that, all through his feverish busy days, he was chasing spectral lights across boggy ground and paying the penalty of his folly by many an ignominious fall. When his friends, probably not without that air of patronage with which we all pick up a brother out of the mud, rescued him, he was rude rather than grateful. Generally they forgave him because he was a man of genius, but the man of genius who, outside his own intellectual province, acts as a vain child in the affairs of life does so at the expense of a reputation for dignified living. This has been pre-eminently the case with Balzac. The contradictory elements in his character, however, have made him as fascinating an object of study as any of his own vivid creations, and it is this peculiar force of attraction which has induced admirers like the Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Lovenjoul to devote infinite pains to the elucidation of comparatively unimportant incidents in his vexed and debt-harassed career, for to have a correct idea of Balzac you must imagine him always hiding from duns.

The present work, if more microscopic in character than its predecessor from the same pen, is of singular interest. The author throws not a little light on the relations between Théophile Gautier and Balzac, and makes it clear that the author of *Mlle. de Maupin* was ready to give his friend almost limitless aid in his literary work. From 1837 until 1850 the two writers were on terms of great intimacy, although how far they collaborated is left uncertain, in the interesting correspondence published here and elsewhere. Workers in remote literary fields, each admired the other warmly, and Gautier was among the few friends whom Balzac could never seriously annoy. To the end they were "Mon cher Théo" and "Mon cher Ami." They have both become immortal names in French literature, and the affectionate judgments each passed on the other have been ratified by time and critical assent.

In the second portion of the book are told the curious adventures of Balzac's unacted tragedy, *L'Ecole des Ménages*, of which the only copy supposed to be in France (only thirty copies were printed) fell into our author's hands. This chapter is of interest to all bibliophiles and students of *études Balzaciennes*. The play was read by Balzac to a circle of admiring friends many years before his death; yet, when in 1873 M. Duquesnel, the manager of the Odéon, requested M. d'Ennery to prepare it for the stage, the latter found the task quite impossible. "Mais quel dénouement!" wrote the dramatist. "L'amant et l'amante deviennent fous tous deux! On en rit!" The third part of the book is entitled "Un portrait," and gives the history of the daguerreotype reproduced in 1891 in the May number of *Paris-Photographe*. An interesting letter, dated January 26, 1840, written by Meissonier to Balzac, proposing to paint his portrait, is here printed, I believe, for the first time. "Le temps nous pousse," wrote Meissonier, "mais nous pousse si fort, qu'il n'y a pas à en perdre le moindre peu." So he proposed to commence at three the next day. But his eagerness was disappointed; it fell through, and so the world is the poorer for the want of this record of a famous man. Destiny was always against Balzac. The Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Lovenjoul is to be congratulated on the success of his book. If the writing fall below the level of the subject at times the author has fully atoned for this by immense industry and tireless research. The book has been evidently a labour of love, and should be missed by no serious student of the literature still gathering round the memory of the greatest novelist that France has ever produced.

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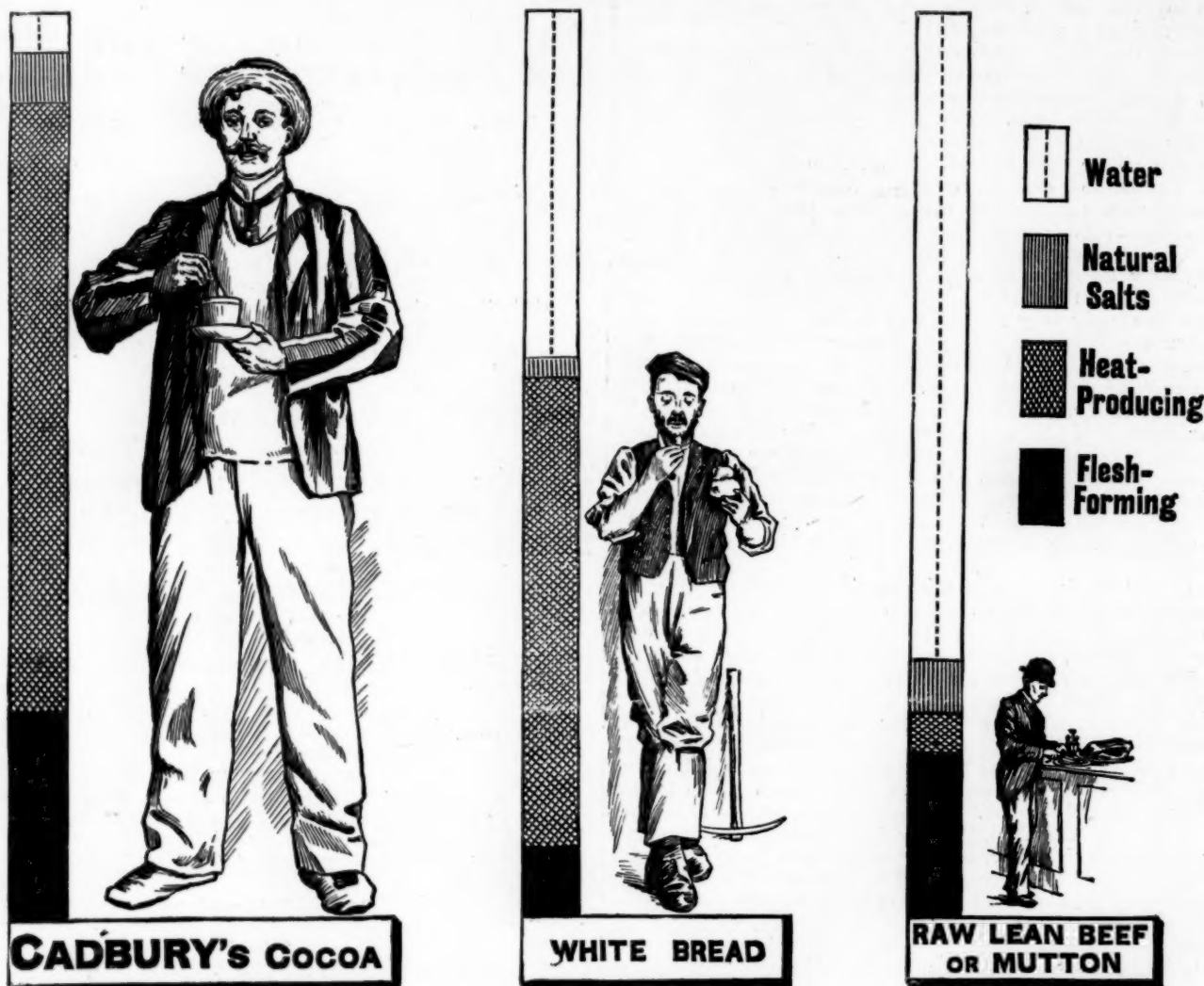
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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

WHEN war is over the war correspondents' books arrive. To Mr. Wilfred Pollock's *War and a Wheel* and Mr. Clive Bigham's *With the Turkish Army in Thessaly* succeeds Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose's *With the Greeks in Thessaly*. Mr. Rose went out to Greece as Reuter's special correspondent in the late war, and his despatches were certainly among the most complete and vivid sent home. Mr. Rose's description of the stampede to Larissa won the praise of many critics. He now embodies his despatches in a book, and explains that "in the descriptions of the various engagements of which I was a witness—I had almost said in which I had taken part—there is little amplification of the originals forwarded by telegraph, and which were generally written on the field, while the picture was vivid and the atmosphere of battle was still round me." Mr. Rose thus describes the situation at the outset of his work:

"My instructions were to proceed with all possible speed to the Thessalian frontier, and there wait events. Colonel Vasso's expedition to Crete had forced the hands of the Great Powers in relation to that cradle of Greek revolt against the deliberate government by massacre by the unspeakable Turk. Moreover, it gave dramatic interest to the heroic efforts of the Cretan Greeks rightly struggling to be free. The Sultan, prohibited by the blockade of the International fleet from landing his Asiatic hordes on the gem of the Aegean Archipelago, was pouring into Macedonia battalion after battalion of Anatolian troops, and marshalling his Moslem hosts along the Thessalian frontier and in the defiles of Epirus.

"From the house-tops of the Chancelleries of

Europe proclamation was made that the dogs of war would not be unleashed, and that peace would be maintained at all hazards. Yet few students of Eastern politics believed in their heart of hearts in this vain cry. While optimist diplomats called 'peace' came the moaning echo of 'no peace' from the mountains of Crete, from the snow-mantled shoulders of Olympus, the peaks and passes of Kassia which divide Macedonia from Thessaly, and the blue and white crests of the Pindus range which cuts Epirus from Northern Greece. The air was charged with the electric forces of battle, and the only question was when the war-cloud would burst. My object was to be on the scene ere it precipitated."

The book contains numerous spirited illustrations by Mr. W. T. Maud, the artist commissioned by the *Graphic*.

It would be interesting to compile a bibliography of books which have sprung into existence as the direct or indirect consequence of recent phases of politics in the Near East. The list would be a long one. So large a question as the destiny of the Mohammedan religion has not been thought too large to raise. *Mohammedanism: Has it any Future?* is the title of a small book to which the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter contributes an introduction. The author, the Rev. C. H. Robinson, Lecturer in Hausa at Cambridge, offers two justifications for his book:

"First, the acute stage which the Eastern Question has now reached in Europe and Western Asia, coincident as it is with the rapid opening out of what will soon cease to be the Dark Continent of Africa, has drawn the attention of many to the influence which Mohammedanism is exerting in these countries who would not have been likely to take an interest in it from any merely theological standpoint; secondly, the object in view is different from that of most of the books which have been published, in that I propose to say very little as to the truth or falsehood or as to the spiritual power of Mohammedanism, but to confine myself almost entirely to the practical side of the matter, and to suggest some facts which may help to answer the two questions: (1) To what extent is Mohammedanism a civilising power in the world to-day? and (2) What is to be the future of Mohammedanism? Is it or is it not likely that Christian missions will ever make any impression upon it?"

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. add to their beautiful "Parnassus Library of Greek and Latin Texts" *Sophocles Tragedies*, edited by Mr. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. Mr. Tyrrell has adopted many of Prof. Jebb's emendations, and so often does he mention the name of this scholar that he soon drops into calling him "J." Mr. Tyrrell pays the following tribute to Prof. Jebb's work:

"The more one studies Sophocles, the more one admires J.'s method and appreciates its results. He does not, like the Germans, and like some Germanised British scholars, ascribe to the poet what he himself would have written, but asks himself what Sophocles wrote. If he allowed himself to use the vicious method of the German school, he would easily surpass his foreign rivals in the art of polishing Greek verses into conformity with modern ideas of taste and elegance. J. is a master of the art of Greek and Latin verse-writing, an accomplishment which is hardly ever acquired abroad, and never to the perfection which English scholars, and foremost among them all J., have attained."

The "Temple Classics" now include Chapman's version of Homer's *Odyssey*. Chapman's *Odyssey* was first published in 1614. In the present edition "old grammatical forms have been retained; and the spelling has been kept where it testifies to the old pronunciation, or, in brief, wherever the editor deemed this could be done without pedantry." Chapman's own introduction, which takes the form of a dedicatory letter to the Earl of Somerset, is printed in the first volume. It is pleasant to quote his fat Elizabethan English:

"The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing fearful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem prefer'd to his Iliads; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous, that the poor plain groundwork, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully."

We have received *Practical Astrology*, by Alan Leo, a work issued from the office of *Modern Astrology*. The writer informs his readers that "the time has come when the Chaldean and Assyrian religions shall be once more revealed, and the truth with regard to our destiny as told by the stars unfolded." Mr. Leo also assures us that "the rules given will enable the reader by very little practice to unravel the great mystery of life."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

A CATALOGUE OF THE WASHINGTON COLLECTION IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM. Compiled and annotated by Appleton P. C. Griffin. With an Appendix by William Coolidge Lane. The Boston Athenæum.

POETRY.

FUGITIVE LINES. By Henry Jerome Stockard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4s.

FICTION.

THAT CHARMING WIDOW: A DOMESTIC TRIFLE. By Clarence Hamlyn. The Roxburghe Press. 6d.

GOOD MRS. HYPOCRITE: A STUDY IN SELF-RIGHTEHOUSNESS. By "Rita." Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

AN ALTRUIST. By Ouida. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.

A SEA-SIDE FLIRT. By John Strange Winter. F. V. White & Co. 1s.

THE COMING OF CHERO. By Mrs. Hungerford. F. V. White & Co.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

HORNE'S GUIDE TO WHITBY. Horne & Son (Whitby).

EDUCATIONAL.

THE TUTORIAL TRIGONOMETRY. By William Briggs, M.A., and G. H. Bryan, Sc.D. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: EUCLID, BOOKS I.-IV. By Rupert Deakin, M.A. W. B. Clive.

THE REIGNS FROM THE CONQUEST IN RHYMES FOR A CHILD. By William Knight, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOMBURG AND ITS WATERS. By Nathaniel Edward Yorke-Davies. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d.

FORMER REMINISCENCES. By the Author of "Desultory Retracings." Gardner, Darton & Co.

WITH THE GREEKS IN THESSALY. By W. Kinnaird Rose. Methuen & Co. 6s.

PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY. By Alan Leo. Offices of *Modern Astrology*. 3s. 6d.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A CIRCULAR just issued by the Kelmscott Press makes its very clear that persons wishing to obtain the forthcoming volumes must be quick to act. Of *Sire Degraumont*, indeed, all copies have been sold in advance, and a large proportion of the editions of *Sire Isambard* and *Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs*, has already gone. *The Sundering Flood*, Mr. Morris's last romance, *Two Specimen Pages of Froissart*, and *Love is Enough*, printed in three colours, are the other publications to be expected. Finally, it is announced that a complete set of Kelmscott books, numbering forty-nine volumes, including the Chaucer, is now priced at £650.

PROF. KNIGHT's reminiscences of conversation with Tennyson, which he contributes to *Blackwood*, contain some good stories of Scotch innkeepers. After Tennyson had left an inn in the island of Skye, the landlord was asked, Did he know who had been staying in his house? It was the poet Tennyson. He replied, "Lor—to think o' that! and sure I thought he was a shentleman!" Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed. "Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Naa; but he was a pleasant shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet." "An' wha' may he be?" "Oh, he is a writer o' verses, such as ye see i' the papers." "Noo, to think o' that! jest a pooblic writer, and I gied him ma best bedroom!" Of Mrs. Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh! but she was an angel."

NOTHING very extraordinary is recorded by Prof. Knight, but Tennyson made some interesting statements. This, for example, may be found discouraging by editors of classics: "I don't care a bit for various readings from the poets," he said, "although I have changed my own text a good deal. I like to enjoy the book I am reading, and footnotes distract me. I like to read, and I just read straight on."

MR. LANG, it seems, is not the only sufferer under the generous minor poet. Tennyson asked Prof. Knight for advice as to what should be done with books that were sent to him, adding, "I have several every day, chiefly books of poetry or rhyme. I wish they would rather send me prose. I calculate, by the number of verses which the books contain, that I get a verse for every three minutes of my life; and the worst of it is that nearly all the writers expect me to answer and acknowledge them!" A verse for every three minutes of life is very bad. *Nulla dies sine linea* is a sufficiently trying rule to live by.

DR. JAMES LEGGE, the veteran professor of Chinese at Oxford, who, by reason of his great age, and the extreme caution necessitated thereby, is not able to lecture so frequently as he desires, is nevertheless one of the hardest workers in the University.

For many years he has commenced his day's task at three o'clock in the morning, and by such assiduity he has been able to do much more than his share in the work of demonstrating to Western peoples the greatness of the earlier Eastern literatures. Twelve large volumes now stand to his name, his most important work having been done in connexion with the text of Confucianism for the *Sacred Books of the East*. Prof. Legge is now preparing for delivery next term two lectures upon the illustrious Pan family, two members of which wrote in the first century of this era a history of the dynasty which has given to the Chinese the title "Children of Han." On the death of the eldest son of this family, the Emperor commissioned the daughter to complete the work left unfinished by his sister, and, further, made her companion to the Empress and instructress of the Court ladies. It is worthy of note that, while we do not possess a translation of the work in English, the French have forestalled us in this as in so many other matters relating to Oriental research.

THE *Anglo-Russian*, a new organ of friendliness, announces that as the result of a visit paid by the editor to Mr. Meredith, an article upon that novelist's views of Russian fiction and Russian women will appear in a forthcoming number.

MR. KIPLING's *Captains Courageous* has appeared as a *feuilleton* in a Russian periodical. A story by Mr. Jerome, entitled *New Utopia*, was published in the June number of the literary supplement to the *Niva*. As the story, says the *Anglo-Russian*, is a satirical criticism of socialism, no trace of the censor's pencil was visible.

THE *Western Mail* has unearthed a very nice example of the manner in which great authors are injured in order that little people may learn. It is contained in the question from an Intermediate School examination paper: "Write out in your own words the meaning of the following passage:

"Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort upon the whole that I for one find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy."

As our contemporary points out, apart from the needlessness of extracting passages from Lamb for school use, there is the question of discretion.

AN Italian professor has just completed a remarkable effort of memory and endurance. He has recited, in a continuous sitting of twenty hours, the whole of the Divine Comedy of Dante without once needing the prompter's aid. We sympathise with the audience, but the professor has our sincere admiration. It would be better, of course, that such feats were avoided, but, once begun, it is well that they finish so creditably. The *Daily News* is reminded by this incident of a gentleman

who engaged St. Martin's Hall some years ago for the recital of *Paradise Lost*. But that was in a series of sittings.

THE youthful historian lispes in numbers. Before he reaches Dr. Collier and Mrs. Markham *en route* for Macaulay and Froude, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Gardiner, he has recourse to rhyme. The couplets of the school differ:

"In ten hundred sixty-six
Did Conquest Norman William fix"—

that is one summary of William the First's accomplishment, and many of our readers will be able to supply others from memory. Now comes Mr. William Knight with a new series. *Reigns in Rhyme* is the title of his little book, which aims, we suppose, at superseding the above historical poets, most of whom are nameless.

MR. KNIGHT is not persistently given to the couplet. When he comes to Elizabeth and our own Queen, he fills a page, but in the main his stories, like those in the dictionary, are "unco'short." Thus, Henry I.:

"Next Henry, who the name of Beauclerk bore;
For children sunk at sea he sorrowed sore."

Rossetti, who was not an historian, made, it may be recollected, more of this incident than Mr. Knight does. Richard II.'s reign is cursory too:

"A second Richard. Wat the tyler rose,
'Twas Bolingbroke who did the King depose."

Mr. Knight is more communicative about Edward VI.:

"His son, sixth Edward, young to hold the helm,

Had Somerset Protector of the Realm.

The Act of Uniformity was passed,

And Somerset beheaded at the last.

The King successor in his sister's stead

Appointed Lady Jane. She lost her head."

The climax is very sudden. These rhymes, however, may certainly be found useful as pegs on which to land a large bundle of facts concerning each reign.

So much for Mr. Knight's simple manner. But to show us that he is not always so transparent and monosyllabic a bard, and that when he likes he can soar with the best of them, he has prefixed to the volume a sonnet to a baby. To write a sonnet to a baby seems unnecessary, but for such a sonnet as this Mr. Knight ought to come under the notice of Mr. Waugh's society:

"Far from the orbs a mystic effluence,
Comes echoing æry through the vast immense,
And, palpitant of memories from the years,
Within the holies' holiest of the sense
May wake a spirit unto prescience,
As oft as Echo answering inly stirs."

That is the sextet. We ought to be told how the baby took it, and why it prefaces *Reigns in Rhyme*.

MEANWHILE an American rhymester has also had his eye on history. In the Boston *Literary World* we find a review of a very remarkable book, entitled *The Eagleid, an Epic Poem; or, The Causes Which Led to the War of 1812 Between the United States and Great Britain, with the Principal Events Thereof Rhythmically Related*. The author is Mr. William H. Bryan, a poet with an

extraordinary fondness for accentuating final syllables. In the accomplishment of such a work as this epic it is, of course, necessary to give a character-sketch of the English. Mr. Bryan does this in the following passage, with its notably emphatic close :

"Such the conduct of th' unnatural Bull,—
Cross-grained, crusty, crotchety, and full
Of malice, megrims, and much bile secreted,
Obstinate, arrogant, and conceited :
In constant dudgeon raised his broad back,
And equally protruding his high stomach."
Were the English ever better hit off ?

MAJOR MARTIN HUME has been commissioned by the Cambridge University Press to write a new *History of Spain* for the Cambridge Historical Series. The introductory chapters will be contributed by Mr. Armstrong, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

A NEW illustrated edition of *Dante's "Pilgrim's Progress,"* by the late Mrs. Russell Gurney, is to be published in the early autumn by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. TOM GALLON, whose first novel, *Tatterley*, was given a warm welcome by readers with old-fashioned sentiments, has completed another story, called *A Prince of Mischances*.

THE first edition of Mr. Hall Caine's new story, *The Christian*, will consist of fifty thousand copies.

ACCORDING to the *Bookman* there is a possibility that Mark Twain will, before long, give the world his autobiography. To some extent he has already done so, although the chapters are scattered over many volumes. But the autobiography of popular writers may be written continuously and repeatedly without offence—witness the late Mr. Sala's garrulous career.

MESSRS. HORNE & SON, of Whitby, write to inform us that *Whitby, Past and Present*—upon the printing and format of which our reviewer made some strictures last week—was not produced at Whitby, nor by them. Messrs. Horne & Son's name appears, with another, on the title-page, but only as agents for the book at Whitby. We regret the mistake which our reviewer made in supposing that Messrs. Horne & Son were responsible for the faults which he pointed out, and which undoubtedly existed. The book was produced in London. We may add that Messrs. Horne & Son send us the fifth edition, just published, of their *Guide to Whitby*, a cloth-bound book of some 200 pages. This is free from the defects of the other work, and is, in fact, notably well printed, both as regards type and illustrations.

A FIVE-SHILLING edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems, selected by himself from the volumes now in existence—*Old World Idylls*, *At the Sign of the Lyre*, and *Poems on Several Occasions*, a two-volume edition which appeared in 1895—will be published in October. Mr. Dobson's first volume of poetry appeared in 1873.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

THE supreme quality of Maeterlinck's prose is its soft whispering charm. It eludes analysis or definition, being something vague, intangible, unintellectual as the divagations of a dream; but, as in a dream, it holds you in an emotional grip, by the intense power of suggestion, by the beauty of an almost barbarous simplicity: the innocence of childhood, something of its unintelligible precocity, its radiant directness, pervade all the works of this young Belgian dreamer and sage. It has been remarked that M. Maeterlinck is extremely modest: more surprised than anyone by the clamour round his name. This description fits admirably with the musing tone, the delicate murmur of mysticism that run through his books. There is nothing strong, ripe, or self-assertive about this quaint, precocious child. He talks in a vague persistent way about his own and his neighbour's soul with the gravity of a sage transformed into a saint, and there is a dim, but extremely sweet and winning, nobility in each of the inarticulate aspects of his spiritual development.

For the revelation of personal charm, his gathered essays, in their original, murmuring, musical form, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, have not been surpassed in recent times. The book must not be approached as a spiritual guide, though this was its evident purpose, for it enunciates not a coherent idea or counsel, contains not a practical phrase, but it leads insensibly to the heights through the exquisite cadences of broken speech, of soft suggestive musing, of fluted nothings spread largely among little sudden words of wisdom, as wise as the deeps of life, that peer out of the helpless flutterings of the poet's soul, with all the curious simplicity and gravity of childhood's gaze.

For Maeterlinck begins and ends a child, supreme, simple, and sincere within his limitations. Now and then he writes a phrase philosophy itself might envy, and then he ceases to think, and abandons himself to unintellectual emotion, which sways him and his readers too exclusively. Emotion is his narcotic, which has become a vice, and his strongest effects are produced by a dexterous cultivation of emotional capacity. Reason never preoccupies him. His own confession of faith he places in the mouth of Aglavaine:

"Ah, how little it means being in the right! I believe it is better to be in the wrong all one's life, and not cause those who are not in the right to weep. I know all that can be said on the other side, but why say it, since we know that it could not change in the least a profounder truth that would not approve of our fine words. Only listen to that which is not concerned with phrases. What directs our life, in spite of all our words and actions, is the simplicity of things, and error lies wherever there is a struggle against what is simple."

What is simple! This is all the object of Maeterlinck's worship. It is carried to exaggeration, as most faiths are, unassisted by reason. Before the little surprises of our daily life, he seems to hear the wave of eternity above the horizon, and fatality lies in the wink of an eyelid. He finely asks

himself in that most subtle and suggestive of essays, *Le Tragique Quotidien*: "Must we absolutely roar like the Atreides for an eternal God to show Himself in our life, and does He never come and sit beneath the immobility of our lamp?" What could be intenser than the amount of tragic meaning he has managed to concentrate in the commonplace terror of the blind men and women in the forest? He, by the very crudity of his art and the simplicity of the situation, creates a powerful thrill many deeply tragic situations have failed to arouse. His phrases, like those of a lisping child—iterated, broken, bald—have much of the indescribable mysteriousness of falling water in the dusk, of the sough of branches when the wind shudders along the hill-tops at night, of the monotonous plash of waves along a silent shore. Feeling, not thought, travels purposelessly across a dim landscape, where everything is fearfully indistinct, and tears are never far from the dim actors' eyes. Intellectually as unsubstantial as moonrays, of no bracing quality, often, too often, lacking the commonplace virtue of coherence; but what a power of mysterious vision accentuating the inevitable approach of misfortune in little undecorative, unpicturesque words! Take that living drama, "Intérieur," where the action is merely observed by a few personages outside the lighted window, who describe what passes. Peasants are carrying across the field to an unsuspecting household the corpse of the eldest daughter, who has committed suicide. Within all is peace and domestic content, faces smiling round the lamp. The two younger sisters approach the window, and gaze out into obscurity. The old man outside says:

"They are walking across the meadow. They look so small that one can hardly distinguish them from the grass; one might take them for children playing by moonlight; and if they (the sisters looking out) could see them they would not understand. Let them turn their backs upon them, they approach all the same with each step, and misfortune is increasing, now nearly two hours. They cannot prevent its growth, and those who bring it can no longer arrest it. It is their master also, and they must perforce serve it. It has its aim and it follows its path. It is indefatigable, and has but one idea; they must lend it their force; they are sorrowful, but they come; they are full of pity, but they must advance."

And again, glancing within, he cries:

"I am nearly eighty-three, and it is the first time that the sight of life has struck me. I know not why everything they do seems so strange and grave. They await nightfall simply beneath their lamp as we might await it beneath ours; and yet I feel that I behold them from the height of another world, because I know a little truth that they do not yet know. . . . I did not know that there was something so sad in life, and that it frightens those who look on. . . . They think nothing can happen because they have closed their door, and do not know that something is ever happening in the soul, and that the world does not end at the doors of our houses. . . . They are so sure of their little life, while I, poor old man, here, two steps off their door, I hold all their happiness, like a sick bird, between my withered hands, which I dare not open."

This is surely the speech of a visionary

child, but it is all Maeterlinck. Pity and tenderness form the essential note, with, for art, flashes of insight and dramatic vision, the whole wrapped in a quaint setting of melody and moonray.

The appearance of *Aglavaine et Sélysette* has definitely settled the question of Maeterlinck's serious claims in modern literature. Here we leave iteration and thin fantastic speech. We have something considerably stronger than a mere dexterous appeal to unintelligent emotion and a latent mystical sensuousness. Defined character—along with definite speech, a substantial tenderness and beauty, vivid conception and solid thought—comes to surprise us, with a fuller development of charm and grace. The dramatist has stepped out of the atmosphere of diluted platonism and empty musing into an upper world of suffering and love. Sélysette, pale, wounded little bird, is a witching creation that only a hand so delicate and soft and pure as the dreamy Maeterlinck's could draw. A figure of divine childhood in an exquisite woman's form. In this beautiful drama of three hearts, it is the simple Sélysette, the child-wife, who acts the noblest part, while the two, husband and brilliant friend, whose mutual but not guilty love have killed her, are left aghast before the ruin of that same love above which she triumphs in death. The play abounds in memorable lines and little evocative phrases. The art is accomplished, and the impression is not so much tragic as mournful. Even Sélysette's first prick of jealousy has no touch of bitterness. Both women, the strong and the delicate, the brilliantly intellectual and the merely tender-hearted, are rivals in magnanimity, and each desires the other's happiness with the man each loves. Sélysette believes her death will consecrate the happiness of her husband and her friend, while her husband, crushed by the misery of his doing, can only moan:

"I believe no longer, and all my sorrow is transformed to disgust. I spit upon beauty that brings about misfortune. I spit upon reason that would appear too fair. I spit upon destiny which will admit nothing. I spit upon words which deceive the animal, and I spit upon life which listens not to life."

What could be prettier than the picture of Sélysette's childhood the grandmother recalls when the unhappy smiling girl comes to bid her a last farewell before casting herself upon death's bosom?

"You came, you went, you laughed along the halls; then you opened the doors, crying in a terrified voice, 'She is coming, she is coming, she is there!' And nobody knew who you meant in frightening yourself thus; you did not know yourself; but I also feigned a great terror, and I went with you down the long corridors as far as the threshold of the garden. All that was little enough, my child, and had no aim whatever; but we understood one another, and we smiled day and night. Thus it was, thanks to thee, I was a mother once more when I was no longer fair; and one day you will learn that women are never weary of being mothers, and that they would nurse death itself if it came and slept in their lap."

Profound word with which to end a delightful passage. But throughout all

this captivating book there is depth as well as an indescribable charm. Whatever may be thought of *La Princesse Maleine*, nobody will deny that this is literature.

HANNAH LYNCH.

THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

GUIDE-BOOK quotations are usually so loose or hackneyed that it is pleasant to find that in *London and Environs* (DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS) Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Cook have brightened their pages with quotations carefully chosen and transcribed. We are shown the London of our writers as well as the London that hums under today's sun. Of course some of Mrs. Cook's quotations—for it is to Mrs. Cook, we believe, that we should credit them—are of the old brigade. But then they have not been beaten. You cannot resent the thousandth repetition of Spenser's description of the Temple—precious rather as a description of the river—

"Those brickly towers

The which on Thames' broad-aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whilom wont the Templar knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride."

These have always seemed to us to be the lines to have in mind when looking at the river. The "aged back" of the stream, and the "whilom" that was even then distant, give the right note, leading us to place the antiquity of London in its river and its ships. Dean Stanley well wrote:

"The river is, in a deeper and truer sense than was intended by Gray, when he used the phrase, our *Father Thames*. . . . Here, from the earliest times, the coracles of the British tribes, the galleys of the Roman armies, were moored, and gave to the place the most probable origin of its name—the 'City of Ships.' Thus the Thames is the parent of London."

Everyone knows that Denham's line, "Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full," was inspired by the Thames.

"Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

A brisk passage in Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*, which is not quoted by Mr. Cook, is worth recalling, as a correction of the notion, still common enough, that the river's beauty is to be sought only above London:

"The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither [to Gravesend] I think as pleasant as can be conceived; for take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and Woolwich are noble sights. . . . We saw likewise several Indianmen just returned from their voyage. . . . The colliers likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those

which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that plie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman."

Perhaps only a Frenchman could be warmed by Shadwell. M. Taine's recent book of travel jottings in Brittany, *Carnets de Voyage*, proved, to the surprise even of his own countrymen, how fine an eye he carries up and down the world. Shadwell at its dullest, the river at its shabbiest, could inspire M. Taine to write as follows:

"I was at the corner of Shadwell basin, and I gazed upon the slate-coloured river before me, shining and exhaling mist; the northern bank winds and bounds the horizon with its blackish fringe mottled with red; a few vessels descend with the supple and slow movement of a sea-bird; their sombre hulls and brown sails balance themselves upon the water, which simmers. To north and south a mass of ships raise their crowded masts. The silence is almost complete; one hears but the strokes of distant hammers, the vague tinkle of a bell, and the fluttering of birds in the trees. A Dutch painter, Van der Heyden, Bakhuizen, would have taken pleasure in beholding this plain of water, the distant tones of brick and tar, this uncertain horizon where stretch the sleeping clouds. I have seen nothing more picturesque in London."

Another Frenchman who has travelled England with a keen and kindly gaze, M. Gabriel Mourey, has given his impression of the Tower Bridge. M. Mourey sees in this water-gate of London "a colossal symbol of the British genius."

"Like that genius, the Bridge struck me as built on lines of severe simplicity—harmonious, superbly balanced, without exaggeration or emphasis—sober architecture, yet with reasonable audacities—signifying its end with that clearness which is the hall-mark of everything English. It wonderfully completes the seething landscape of quays and docks, and the infernal activity of the greatest port in the world."

But it is time to go ashore. From the many fine things that have been written about modern London Mrs. Cook selects a passage of Lowell's which has the felicity and conciseness that only a practised writer can be trusted to bring to such a theme:

"I confess that I never think of London, which I love, without thinking of that palace which David built for Bathsheba, sitting in hearing of one hundred streams—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity. One other thing about London impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air; it is not a mere accident, like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive because it indicates human will and impulse and conscious movement; and I confess that when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time."

With this we may link Browning's suggestion of the size, the chaos, and the harmony of London seen from St. Paul's:

"Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying,
How I see all of it,
Life there outlying!
Roughness and smoothness,
Shine and defilement,
Grace and uncouthness:
One reconciliation."

Hawthorne liked the blackness of St. Paul's, and its calm amid the surrounding bustle. "Other edifices may crowd close to its foundation, and people may tramp as they like about it, but still the great Cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the midst of Salisbury Plain."

Westminster and its Abbey have inspired passages of prose and poetry which, on their merits, are worthy to be known by heart. Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet belongs to London as a whole. One of the noblest passages about the Abbey is little known, and Mr. Cook does not quote it; it occurs in Tickell's lines on the funeral of Addison, who was buried there at dead of night. Very fine is Tickell's description of how he was borne "through rows of warriors and through walks of kings"—Addison, who had written of the Abbey in his own clear English—so cool beside Macaulay's rhetorical passage—these words:

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. . . . When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, the factions, and debates of mankind."

But Addison's and Waller's and Macaulay's and Washington Irving's references to Westminster may give place to Shakespearean simplicity:

"Methought I sate in seat of majesty
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crowned."

There the Abbey rises royal and clear and significant, and in the slow monosyllabic movement of the last line we hear the march and pomp of history.

Charing Cross, the Strand, and Fleet-street belong to Johnson and Lamb; Johnson would have agreed with Lamb that "the man must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet-street," and Lamb would have chimed in with Johnson's remark that the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross. Pall Mall has for eulogists Gay and Capt. Charles Morris, the one exclaiming—

"Oh, bear me to the paths of fair Pell Mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy
small"

—and the other praying to be restored its "sweet shady side." Piccadilly's poet is the late Mr. Locker-Lampson. Mrs. Cook quotes his verse:

"Gay shops, stately palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of
trees,
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
Whatever my mood is—I love Piccadilly."

M. Taine's praise of Piccadilly is particularly generous:

"In Piccadilly . . . there is a bustling crowd, a surging traffic, an amount of obstruction which our busiest and most frequented boulevard cannot parallel. . . . Everything is on a large scale here: the clubs are palaces, the hotels are monuments."

M. Taine might well be glad to escape into

St. James's Park and find in it "a genuine piece of country, and of English country." This description would apply much better to Regent's Park, "with its depths of real country," as, indeed, by a coincidence, another Frenchman describes it. But, of course, Kensington Gardens come nearer than either to "English country": witness Matthew Arnold's:

"In this lone open glade I lie,
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand,
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crown'd, red-boled pine-trees
stand."

Was it pure mischief that led Mr. Cook to quote below this verse Disraeli's roccoco tribute to the same retreat? We transcribe it ourselves out of a certain enjoyment of its faded-plush style:

"The inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the beauty of its environs. On every side the most charming retreats open to them. . . . In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man to free himself from all the tumult of the world: the pangs of love, the throbs of ambition, the wear and tear of play, the recriminating boudoir, the conspiring club, the rattling hell; and find himself in a sublime sylvan solitude superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia. It is Kensington Gardens that is almost the only place that has realised his idea of the forests of Spenser and Ariosto."

And now we talk of running a railway beneath Kensington Gardens!

THE BOOK MARKET.

CRICKET BOOKS.

THE event of next week in the book trade will be the publication on the 9th of Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket*. The work is regarded by booksellers as a plum. Three editions will be issued simultaneously. There will be, first, an Edition de Luxe. This will be limited to 350 copies in crown quarto, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. There will be 22 photogravures and 85 full-page plates. Each copy in this edition will be signed by the author, and the price will be £5 5s. The two other editions will be sold at 25s. and 6s. respectively. The work is divided into eleven chapters. These deal with such branches of the subject as Training and Outfit, Fielding, Bowling, Batting, Captaincy, &c. The whole work is not from the Prince's pen: Mr. W. J. Ford contributes chapters on Public School Cricket, and Cambridge University Cricket, and Mr. Thomas Case writes on Oxford University Cricket. County Cricket is treated by various writers, and the whole concludes with a chapter on Cricket and the Victorian Era.

Gathering these particulars from a prospectus lying on the counter of a leading bookseller, I turned to him and said: "How do you regard cricket books, considered as stock?"

"Oh, we do a large business in them. A good cricket book always sells."

"And what do you consider have been the good cricket books of the last few years?"

"Well, this of Prince Ranjitsinhji's will create the most interest."

"You are giving a large order?"

"Oh, yes, for all three editions."

"And what other cricket books are selling?"

"The Badminton volume by Mr. A. G. Steel and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and others, of course, still goes. Murdoch's little shilling book on *Cricket*, in the "Oval" series, has always been a favourite. Abel's book went well, too, at the time it appeared. Daft's *Kings of Cricket* sold excellently at half-a-crown."

"What about W. W. Read's *Annals of Cricket*?"

"It is a good book, but of course mainly historical and statistical, and therefore not so popular as a book dealing with the action of the game."

"Then, let me see, Mr. Arrowsmith published some pretty books: *How's That? The County Championship*, and *Told in the Pavilion*—how did they succeed?"

"Very fairly."

"And Christian's *At the Sign of the Wicket*?"

"Yes, that's a good book."

"What else is there?"

"Well, you know, Mr. David Nutt brought out Nyren's *Young Cricketer's Tutor* at a shilling. Here it is; we still keep it well in sight."

"Do you consider there is any glut of cricket books?"

"Oh, dear, no. I should order any new cricket book of merit."

DRAMA.

THE interest of the American melodrama "Secret Service" has been such, that, the New York company who brought it hither having this week gone home, it has been taken up by Mr. William Terriss, Miss Millward, and the other members of the Adelphi company, and played in English fashion without any apparent loss of popularity. This is a curious and interesting fact, for two reasons. In the first place, Mr. Gillette's play is the very negation of the description of sentiment which has been as the breath of life to melodrama for many years; and secondly, it ignores another dramatic principle of equal importance and of still greater venerability, namely, "comic relief." From the days of Dion Boucicault and Watts-Phillips, the creators of the realistic play, there has never been seen a cardinal situation in which the hero of melodrama did not pose in order to capture the plaudits of the groundlings. He had a manner which might fairly be described as larger than life. At moments when baser mortals would be tempted to parley with evil he would draw himself up to his full height, proudly place his hand upon his heart, and in so many words exclaim: "Never! You may take my life, but my honour shall remain

inviolable." The late Mr. Henry Pettitt was fond of making his juvenile lover strike an heroic attitude, and Mr. G. R. Sims and other masters of the craft have followed in his footsteps. It has always been an un-failing bid for applause. But lo! in "Secret Service" Mr. Gillette not only avoids this trick, but runs into the opposite extreme. For heroics he substitutes the calmest intonation in the world, the very reverse of the "high falutin'." Thus his hero, Captain Thornton, is a Northern spy, acting in the City of Richmond during its siege by the Northern forces during the Civil War. According to rule, he falls in love with a daughter of the enemy—for here the author is necessarily conventional. In due time he is recognised as a traitor and condemned by court-martial to be shot. The firing-party told off to execute him leave their muskets stacked for a few moments—a rather stagey proceeding, it must be owned—and the opportunity is seized by a faithful henchman of the heroine's to withdraw the bullets so that her lover's life may be saved. Like the heroic young gentleman that he is, Captain Thornton, to whom the fact has been communicated, does not accept his life on such terms. He would live if his lady-love commanded him to do so; but she hesitates to speak the word. So far there is nothing new in the situation—any of Captain Thornton's predecessors in the heroic drama would have chosen death in his place. But mark how he exercises his choice. "Major," he calmly remarks to the officer of the firing-party, as the latter proceeds to carry out the sentence, "your men's muskets have been tampered with." The fatal words are uttered without the slightest attitudinising, without the slightest intonation to mark their importance; they are thrown off in a purely conversational and commonplace manner, as if the remark were the most natural in the world. Think how a hero of the older school would have acted in the circumstances! With what emphasis he would have made his avowal, and how instinctively he would have taken the centre of the stage to do it, so as to secure his round of applause! Mr. Gillette, who has been playing Captain Thornton, being actor as well as author, obtains his round of applause too, and that in no stinted measure—but by a different method.

The suppression of "comic relief" is a bold step in melodrama. Of late years, Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, without discarding that element, have made a point of working it into the texture of their story; but in melodrama the rule has been to interlard it with the action as a tolerably distinct stratum of business, even at the expense of leaving some necessary question of the play in abeyance. Comic relief is as old as the drama itself. Shakespeare with his clowns resorted to it freely; and it occurs in the old Spanish drama where there was invariably a comic character flitting through the story, in it but not of it. This personage was called the *gracioso*, and his purpose was to relieve by his pleasantries the gloom of the piece if the action happened to be tragic. In the well-made melodrama of the day, French

and English, the *gracioso* exists, though his function is somewhat changed. If during three acts out of four he leads a quasi-independent existence, with a love-affair of his own, he often becomes in the end an instrument for confounding the villain and securing the hero his rights.

FROM the success attending Mr. Gillette's new departure are we to assume that heroics and comic relief are henceforth exploded devices on the stage—tricks which have had their day, like the buttered slide of the Christmas clown? I am afraid this would be a rash assumption. Mr. Gillette has only pushed to an extreme a movement which has been noticeable on the stage for some years past, and which shows signs of waning rather than waxing—I refer to the tendency of actors to adopt what is called a "natural" mode of delivery and of stage managers to furnish their rooms with real furniture in place of a serviceable make-believe. As the two hours' traffic of the stage is not and cannot be real life, it is obvious that such reversions towards nature are capable of being overdone. A natural delivery is not always audible to the house, and real furniture in the several scenes not only causes long *entr'actes*, but conflicts with the supreme principle that everything on the stage must be done with reference to, and for the convenience of, the public in front, not the *dramatis personæ*. It is the unpardonable sin for an actor, for instance, to talk with his back to the house, though this might be his most natural position with regard to the persons he was addressing. In Paris there is already a movement (favoured by M. Francisque Sarcey and other authorities) for reverting to the older and more inflated style of diction; to which end it is proposed to revive a number of the masterpieces of the old Spanish drama, in rendering of which inflation is all-important. The Spaniards, indeed, have never descended to our "natural" level of acting. If they play a translation of a modern French comedy, they still adopt the *panache* of the old school, with, it must be confessed, occasionally some droll effects so far as the stranger is concerned, though this may be the stranger's fault as much as theirs. Mr. Gillette's play, with its naturalism in excess, is a curiosity, and has been regarded here as an interesting American product. Whether its ultra-prosaic style would have been as well received in a purely English play is a question. As a symptom of the reaction in Paris, it may be noted that a previously unknown actor, named Krauss, has been attracting attention during the past season at the Porte St. Martin by his performance, marked by something of the vigour of the old school, in "Don César de Bazan." He is, so far, however, the one swallow which does not make a summer. M. Sarcey and other veterans lament the almost complete disappearance from the French stage of the ornate and emphatic diction of the old school. Exactly the same state of things prevails in London. Except in melodrama, the English actor of the present day thinks it bad form to let himself go. He is afraid that his exuberance would be called rant. Nevertheless, the art of diction

requires to be cultivated more than it is. A succession of plays written and acted on the model of "Secret Service" would probably have the effect of deteriorating it still further.

WITH reference to the Spanish *gracioso* and our "comic contryman," it is interesting to note an experience of the Italian stage communicated by a travelling correspondent to a Paris paper. The writer saw a piece in Naples where a character bearing a considerable resemblance to the *gracioso*, but dressed as a harlequin and known as *pulcinello*, wandered through the piece, advising, chaffing, or encouraging the other *dramatis personæ*. He had no written part. The actor was supposed to improvise his sallies, and came and went on the stage as he pleased. Moreover, while the other actors spoke good Italian, he talked the local dialect.

J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

WE shall probably hear more from Toronto of the theory respecting the age and permanence of the Arctic basin which Dr. Gregory has just put out as a feeler in *Nature*. Dr. Gregory has made his reputation as a geologist mainly in southern latitudes, but he has also conducted explorations in the Rocky Mountains of America, and his experience with the Conway expedition to Spitzbergen last year gives him undoubted right to come forward as an authority on Arctic geology. The subject, however, is a thorny one; and opinions have undergone so many changes in regard to it that any fresh dogmatic suggestion is likely to arouse a controversy.

BRIEFLY, Dr. Gregory's contentions are as follows: It used to be believed that the Arctic Ocean was a shallow basin containing much unexplored land. The soundings of the *Fram* have upset this view entirely, and now the tendency is to regard it as a deep and permanent ocean basin. If this view be correct, it carries with it the upheaval of many problems relating to British geology, which will now require fresh solutions. By way of averting this contingency, Dr. Gregory tries to show that the Arctic basin, though undeniably deep, may not have been of very long duration; that it may, in fact, represent "a great area of subsidence (a *senkungsfeld* of Suess) later than the deposition of the Tertiary plant beds."

His argument is two-fold. He begins by a comparison of the Arctic with the other well-determined ocean basins, each of which has been long enough in existence to bring about a complete divergence of the flora on its opposite sides. No such divergence exists in the Arctic regions, but as there is almost a complete belt of land round the Arctic Ocean, the distribution of which has often altered, the botanical argument is admittedly not worth much, and is practi-

cally abandoned. Then comes the geological, which is more complicated and more important. Dr. Gregory traces within fairly wide limits the extension of the Arctic Sea in the Archaean, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, and later periods down to the Pleistocene, showing a wide variation of its area. He sums up by adding that it is at present bounded by a rim of land, supported by five great continental blocks of Archaean rocks, surrounded by bands of sedimentary rocks. There is nothing to show that the Archaean blocks have ever been submerged, and a theory might well be put forward—as indeed it has been—that the basin is coeval with them in geological time. This is the point that Dr. Gregory contests. If we look at a map of the Polar regions showing the strike of the rocks and the trend of the mountain chains, we see, he says, that these all run north and south, and end abruptly in the margin of the Polar basin. A characteristic instance of this is afforded by the Ural and Verhanoyak Mountains with their respective geological continuations—Nova Zemlya and the New Siberian Islands. Analogy with similar truncated mountain lines elsewhere renders it probable that all these radial systems once extended still further north; and if they did so they would have effectually broken up the existing Polar basin. At the present time we have no knowledge which would justify us in saying that this has been the case; nothing but analogy and an absence of direct evidence to the contrary. As Dr. Gregory's article is numbered 1, we may conclude that similar speculations are to follow. They are certain to be received with interest, if only for the fresh and original method in which Dr. Gregory approaches his problems.

THE physical anthropologist has been patient, waiting for his time to come; but at last he is in arms. Mr. George Dorsey, of the Field Columbian Museum, in the course of a masterly address, which is printed in *Science*, complains that what should be the foremost of all human sciences is practically neglected. He quotes, of course, in support of his premise, Pope's saying that the proper study of mankind is man, and draws a glowing picture of the knowledge to be gained from well-ordered museums of comparative skeletons and casts. He makes out a fairly good case against explorers. How often, he asks, on any of the great scientific expeditions is there any one fitted by previous training to observe correctly and accurately the races of men to be encountered? On all the numerous expeditions into Africa and across Asia, or among the Pacific Islands, we find men competent to observe and collect reptiles, birds, fishes, and mammals, or to study botany and geology; but how often is anthropology represented? Mr. Dorsey's oratorical indignation blinds him, of course, to an obvious fact, that where an explorer may collect fishes or mammals he would have a difficulty in collecting human specimens. The Society for the Protection of Aborigines might be counted upon to resist any such scientific aspirations in dark regions, while at home human dissection is hardly a very popular occupation,

and the choice of specimens is not ideal. It is easy to see the value of Mr. Dorsey's museum with rows upon rows of comparative skeletons of all the races of the world, showing the embryology and growth, hereditary characteristics, &c., of the different human species; but it is equally easy to overlook the special difficulties in the way of carrying out such an idea. Mr. Dorsey himself recognises some limitation, as when he says, "We can dig up the bony remains of the Papuan, but he refuses to be dissected." In nine places out of ten, however, the Papuan or his equivalent would have equally strong objections to the disturbance of bony remains.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

BEETHOVEN'S BIOGRAPHER.

LAST month passed peacefully away Alexander Wheelock Thayer, who, up to within a few months of his death, was United States Consul at Trieste. He was born in 1817, at South Natick, Mass. While studying at Harvard University he conceived the idea of writing a biography of Beethoven, and in 1854 set seriously to work. The first volume only appeared in 1866, the second in 1872, and the third in 1879. For eighteen years lovers of Beethoven have been anxiously awaiting a fourth, though scarcely last volume, since the years 1816-1827, still to be described, were among the most eventful of the composer's life. It is probable that the material is collected, and that the remaining volume or volumes will soon be edited and published by Dr. H. Deiters, the translator of those which have already appeared. For the work, though originally written in English, was published in German. It is difficult to know what induced Mr. Thayer thus to make known the result of his researches. Possibly he was of opinion that his book would find more readers in Germany. Yet there are many, many lovers and admirers of the master all over the world; and there is no country in which the name of Beethoven is held in greater honour than England or America.

The story of Beethoven's troubled life is full of interest, although that interest is often of a painful kind. That story is strongly reflected in his music, which is in truth a psychography. The biographer has given us facts; the music reveals to us feelings. Were the facts connected with his life totally unknown to us we could have told that he was a man of noble impulse, of tender emotion, of deep melancholy, and at times of caustic humour. Sir George Grove in his recently published work on the symphonies remarks as follows: "It has been well said that, though the 'Eroica' was a portrait of Bonaparte, it is as much a portrait of Beethoven himself." And he adds, "But that is the case with everything he wrote."

Mr. Thayer concerned himself almost entirely with the outer man; he left the music to speak for itself. He was a most painstaking biographer, and, moreover, a

truthful one. His *Life of Beethoven* is no romance; he has tried to present to us the man exactly as he was. Nothing is kept back: the writer's aim was the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Beethoven had his failings and his faults, and these are placed side by side with his many virtues.

The first to write a *Life of Beethoven* was Anton Schindler, who was a devoted friend of the master's. Mr. Thayer, although he has exposed some of his errors, recorded that "his honesty and intelligence are both to be trusted." Schindler's work—which, by the way, passed through three editions—is certainly valuable; and there is a warmth and enthusiasm in it which may be easily accounted for by his personal intercourse with the master. There was no lack of enthusiasm about Thayer, yet his strong desire to be impartial, not in any way to colour his narrative, imparts at times a certain coldness to his writing—I may even say dryness. But in reading his book one feels all the time that he is a very safe guide; of Schindler that cannot be said. Then, again, what the latter wrote was a sketch rather than a biography. He touched in the briefest manner on events of special importance, and of this he was well aware; many facts, too, are not noticed at all. A more complete *Life* was absolutely necessary; and Thayer, by his indefatigable energy and patience in collecting material, by the care and judgment which he displayed in sifting and setting in order that material, and by the trouble which he took to ferret out documents and facts that would throw any light on the composer's career, was evidently most competent to undertake such a task. One can only regret that he was not able to bring the labour of well-nigh half a century to a successful close. It is fortunate that that labour will be undertaken by a man who must be intimately acquainted with the late historian's notes and intentions.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

London: August 2.

I feel it difficult to account for Mr. E. K. Chambers's statement that the number of the so-called *Herbertists* is "rapidly thinning," unless he is affected by that curious psychological illusion which consists in an extension or multiplication of one's own personality. In a somewhat similar way I should be able to explain what he says about being "dazzled" by a "specious structure," and seeing "an unsubstantial pageant" which "faded into nothingness." Mr. Chambers's acquaintance with my *Commentary on the Sonnets* (if I may judge from his letter) is probably limited to the binding. He makes the absurd statement that "the language and thought of the Sonnets" is "that of the plays written during the years 1592-1594." Now, there is not a single play of Shakespeare's of which it can be precisely and definitely said that it was written during the period named. Whether this fact would enable Mr. Chambers to escape the *auto da fé* to which he expresses his willingness to resign himself it is not for me to say. But—to put aside dates—the assertion that the melancholy and pessimistic thought so often appearing in the Sonnets is characteristic of Shakespeare's

earlier plays needs no consideration. It is assumed, moreover, that I am ignorant of a certain essay by Hermann Isaac, which was mentioned and quoted in my Introduction. Moreover, if Mr. Chambers had made himself acquainted with what I have written he would have found a tolerably full explanation of the words "in act thy bed-vow broke," as probably referring to a marriage of Mary Fitton in early youth—possibly a runaway match—which had been set aside as invalid. According to Elizabethan usage, "in act" bore a meaning different from that which the words now suggest. Possibly some additional light may be thrown on this matter by the Fitton letters now at Arbury, which, it is announced, Mrs. Newdigate is intending to publish. But, whether this be so or not, Mr. Chambers may rest assured that the use of big words will not suffice for the settlement of this question, or the questions related thereto.

THOMAS TYLER.

Highbury: July 31.

Mr. Tyler bewails the inexorable march of events which places his views here anent in the prospective background of lapsed heresies; personally, I welcome any ally, in the reconstruction of Shakespeare's personal relations, who shall discountenance the disgusting immorality of his "dark lady" theory.

These Sonnets are many-sided; they were not intended to be read as a whole, having been "sugared" to suit many palates—written and circulated for his "friends"—a term which, taken collectively, covers all sorts and conditions of men and women—poets, players, and patrons.

I have pondered much over "Willobie," obviously an assumed name. There were Willoughbys at college, but I connect the involved mystery with the Danvers family, who were associates of Southampton and a sad clog to his career.

Now, Mr. Tyler considers this Southampton theory to be dead; it may yet be resuscitated and face him in this world as a Banquo's ghost. What, indeed, can exceed Lord Southampton's claims as patron? Let any unprejudiced person read the two dedications written for "Venus and Adonis" and for "Lucrece," and then turn to the overpowering sense of obligation implied in the Sonnets: "All I have, devoted yours"—what language could surpass this strain? Then comes the urgent appeal to marry: father dead, mother living; while Lord Pembroke, senior, still survived. But Herbert is quite out of the running, and would never have appeared on the *tapis* but for the laboured address prefixed by Heming and Condell to the folio. Now, Lord Southampton was then in the shade, perhaps abroad, while the Herberts were in high office; self-interest explains this episode.

The burden of the Sonnets is the sense of obligation to continue writing, *as per contract*; it involved a great strain, an incessant effort after fresh ideas; so we find him veer about, shifting his sails to secure variety, and yet preserve continuity; thus his "puppet" is alternately lauded and belaboured; he is personified in many aspects, but a strain of hyperbolic praise runs through it all.

Then as to Mr. "W. H.," read *H. W.* Lord Southampton was proscribed, he was proscribed, and all his honours forfeited, thus surviving as a private gentleman. Several of the Sonnets refer to eclipse and imprisonment; but the "nod and the wink" are sufficient for some, while none are so blind as they who will not see. So for them fifty-two letters in the ACADEMY were insufficient.

A. HALL.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

COMPARING the present work "Cromwell's Place in History," with Carlyle's, the *Chronicle* By Dr. Gardiner. (Longmans.) writes: "Carlyle . . . was the posthumous Boswell of his hero, while Dr. Gardiner has only aimed at being his retrospective Buckle." His lectures "are a perfect model of the higher academic style of teaching history by general principle; and though one may occasionally differ from his conclusions, we are always moved to admiration of his research, his critical acumen, his philosophical spirit, and his impartiality. . . . Some may be disposed to think that he emphasises a little too much the negative side of Cromwell's character." "It is always difficult," remarks the *Pall Mall* in a similar spirit, "to say where the work of destruction . . . ends and the work of construction begins; and it seems strange to find Cromwell's military successes classed among his 'negative actions,' because by their means 'hostile armies were not allowed to be victorious.'" "It is lamented that the adoption of an impartial attitude . . . involves of necessity a lamentable neglect of the judicious historian at the hands of the world at large. . . . Prof. Gardiner must be content with having produced the most reasonable estimate of Cromwell's genius which has yet been given." The dictum that Cromwell was "the typical Englishman in the world of action as Shakespeare in the spiritual world" is criticised on the ground, first, that Shakespeare's fame rests on his accomplishment as a poet, and not as a thinker; and, secondly, on the ambiguity of the word "typical." "If the most typical Englishman exhibits the besetting sins of his countrymen in equal measure with their virtues, we beg leave to withhold from him the title of the greatest Englishman of all time. If he does not, then he becomes the ideal Englishman—a glorious, if somewhat hazy, image, which everybody is at liberty to construct for himself according to taste." "The book probably expresses," writes the *Daily News*, "the final and general judgment of educated men."

"The Choir Invisible," By J. Speaker Lane Allen. (Macmillan.)

THIS book suggests to the exclamation of an old country squire, that "there are some books which it is a positive pleasure to read." It is "one of those rare stories which make a direct appeal to the taste and feelings. . . . A beautiful book—beautiful in language and sentiment, in design and in execution. . . . The historical novel can hardly be said as yet to have thriven on American soil, but *The Choir Invisible* . . . shows that America may yet have a school of genuine historical romance not inferior to any that exists elsewhere." The *Saturday* reviewer, though warm in his admiration, is more outspoken in his criticism. The work is "remarkably lacking in balance"; first, "the dramatic and reflective, the objective and the personal, lie separately, and the book rocks like an ill-balanced boat from side to side"; and, secondly, "the various parts of the scheme are not drawn in proportion to each other. . . . It is as though a painter had

schemed out a composition, and then had spent all his skill on the detail of a piece of drapery in the foreground." However, "the love-scenes are beautiful. Moreover, on almost every page there sits the indefinable grace of an imagination enamoured of beauty. And if Mr. Allen, in his devotion, becomes at times just a little over-serious, he shares his fault with all other persons who are devoted—a sufficiently small and distinguished company." The *Bookman* observes that American readers are more patient of "the disburdening of the heart" than Englishmen; and that "in *The Choir Invisible* Mr. Allen disburdens himself with great simplicity, revealing a very sympathetic and sensitive nature." "Mr. Allen's power of character drawing," writes the *Pall Mall's* Irresponsible Reader, "invests the old, old story with renewed and absorbing interest. . . . The fascination of the story lies in great part in Mr. Allen's graceful and vivid style. His beautiful vignettes of forest scenery, and the real thoughtfulness of his dialogue, raise the story out of the ruck of the commonplace." A provincial critic opines that "the want of incident is the main defect." "On the other hand, the pages are crowded with moralising, and the reader grows tired of long speeches."

"Mr. Peters," By Riccardo Stephens. (Bliss, Sands.)

"THE author of *The Cruciform Mark*," the *Speaker* explains, "has once more made Edinburgh the scene of a story of modern romance and adventure. Mr. Peters, if it does not fulfil the promise of the earlier book, . . . helps to confirm the impression that in Mr. Riccardo Stephens the modern Athens has found another devoted son whose name may be added to the noble list in which Scott and Stevenson hold the foremost place." A weak point is said to be "the somewhat nebulous character of Mr. Peters himself." On the other hand, "some of the pleasantest chapters are those in which no progress is made with the great scheme of vengeance." Mr. Courtney, in the *Daily Telegraph*, writes: "The story grows in intensity as we near the close; and, although in many respects it would benefit by greater conciseness and by the elimination of one or two unnecessary chapters, it is true that we learn something more of the deadly persistence of the hero by watching the slow evolution of his mind." "Mr. Stephens," writes the *Pall Mall*, "is a little too leisurely in the gradual development of his hero's plan of vengeance, but the result of his work is a powerfully written and deeply interesting novel. There is plenty of light relief to the grimness of the central idea, and all the characters are excellently drawn, particularly Mrs. Jimp and 'Melie Rivers.'"

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